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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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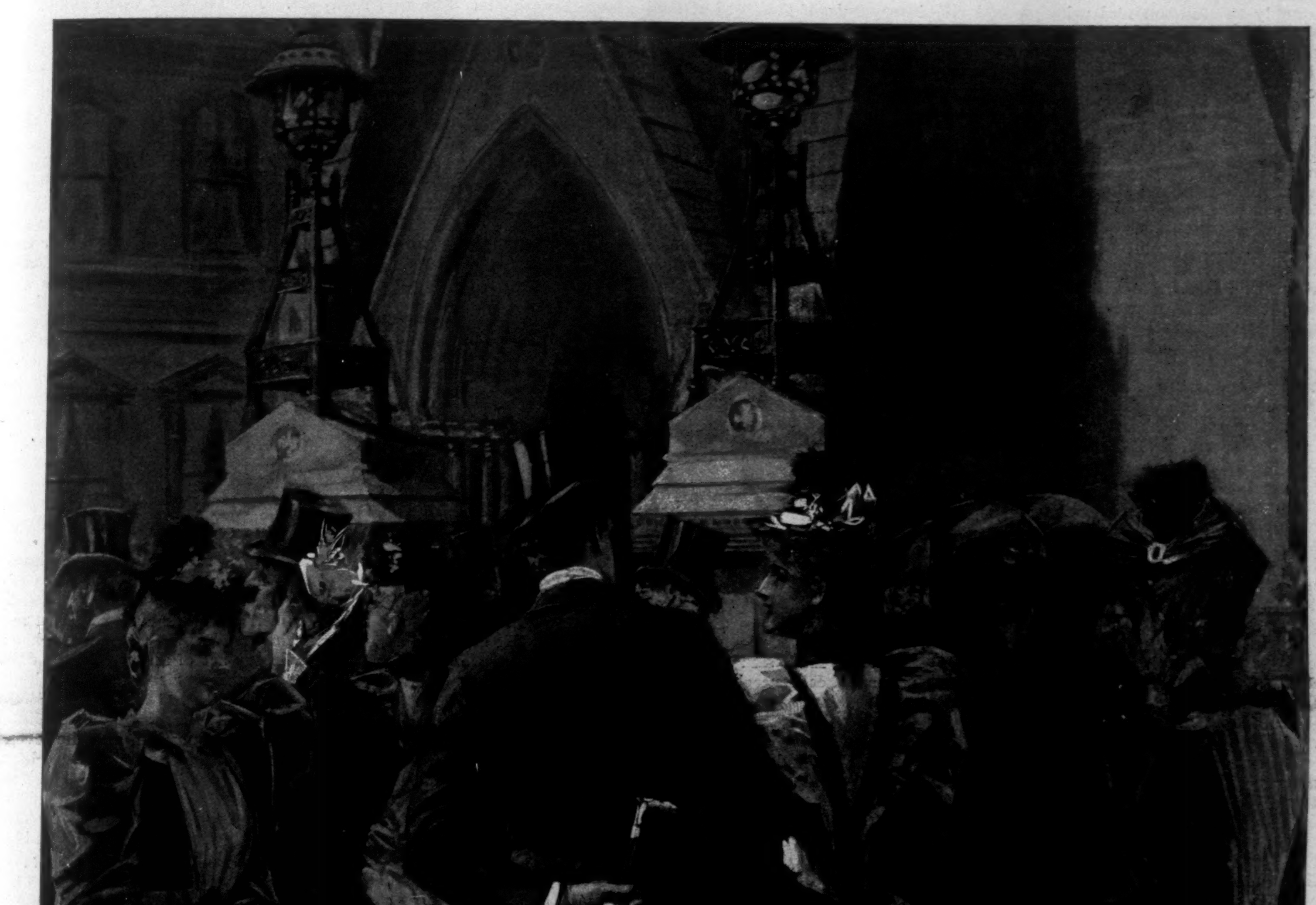

EASTER SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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DEMOCRACY AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IF we may depend upon what we hear from Washington, President **CLEVELAND** has set out to do what Mr. **HARRISON** promised to do but did not do—that is, to apply the fundamental principle of civil service reform not only to the classified service covered by the civil service law and the rules made under it, but to every branch of the service, including the so-called Presidential appointments. He is reported to have said to an office-seeker who reminded him of his campaign work: "We should not talk of what we have done for the party, but of what we can do in the future. The people do not ask me what I have done, but what I am going to do." He is also said to have declared with especial reference to consular offices, which always are in very great demand, that he will appoint only men who can show specific fitness for the duties to be performed, particularly with reference to the extension of our foreign commerce. It is to be hoped that the same principle will be practically applied to offices of every kind. The country has heard with genuine satisfaction of the openly avowed determination of Mr. **HERBERT**, the new Secretary of the Navy, that the civil service rules established in the navy-yards by his predecessor will be strictly adhered to. The new Postmaster-General, Mr. **BISSELL**, is credited with utterances of the same tendency, and this is especially welcome, since the postal department, with its immense patronage, has hitherto been the theatre of the greatest scandals of the spoils system. That Democratic office-hunters hot in the pursuit of plunder should hear such declarations with dismay, and denounce them indignantly as rank heresy or morbid sentimentalism, is indeed not surprising. The Democratic spoils-hunter is in this respect not different from his brother on the Republican side. But the young Democracy, of which Mr. **CLEVELAND** is the representative and leader, is gradually recognizing the fact that the principle underlying civil service reform is in the truest sense of the word a democratic principle.

True democracy means, as **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** expressed it, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Public office, bestowed either by the people directly or through their chosen servants, is, therefore, necessarily a "public trust." It is instituted not for the benefit of the office-holder, nor for the benefit of his party, but for the benefit of the people. The people are evidently entitled to the best service they can get; and those who are intrusted with the power of appointing officers are, therefore, in duty bound to appoint only persons fit to give the people the best possible service. They can discharge this duty only by selecting persons for office according to their fitness for the service to be rendered. The most faithful observance of this principle will also secure to every man aspiring to public employment his rightful chance; for every man will have a chance according to his merit, and not according to his "pull." This is genuine democratic doctrine.

In fact, nothing more undemocratic can be imagined than a system of appointment to office by favor. It rules out the good citizen who is poor and without friends, however great his personal merit may be. It yields a decisive advantage to him who has power at his back. It takes from office the character of duty and gives it the character of reward. It bestows this reward not for services rendered to the people, but for services rendered to a political party or to some influential politician. It thus transforms political contests that should turn upon questions of public interest into scrambles for plunder. It enables politicians to sustain themselves in public life by building up an influence through the organization of place-hunters. It thus fills legislative halls and executive positions with small selfish schemers, and drives away from public life men of conviction, of the pride of ability, and of high aims. It degrades the character of the office-holder, for it makes him a dependent on the favor of an influential patron, instead of a man standing upon his own merit as a servant of the people. It promotes in politics a vulgar aristocracy of influence, and an irresponsible despotism of bosses and machines. Nothing could be more significant and instructive than the historic fact that as long as the aristocracy predominated in English politics, favoritism in the distribution of patronage was the acknowledged rule; but in the same measure as democratic ideas advanced in England, a reformed civil service system, giving all an equal chance according to merit, supplanted the old rule of favoritism. And this victory of merit over "pull" means nothing else than the victory of the democratic over the aristocratic principle.

It is true, the belief that the distribution of offices as rewards is necessary to hold political parties together is still entertained by many. It is a humiliating belief, for it is based upon the assumption that the American people would cease to take an interest in their own interests if they were not stimulated by the expectation of individual pay for their zeal. It is a demoralizing belief, for it brings forth appeals to the lowest order of motives. Fortunately, it is an unfounded belief. We do not deny that there are many mercenary persons engaged in American politics. But we do deny that there would be an end of American politics if the greed of these mercenary persons were systematically disappointed. The gaps caused by their disappearance from the field would quickly be filled by men whom their prominence had driven away in disgust. It is a notorious fact, that the larger the number of offices grows, the less they are an element of strength to a political party. And the more the party in power treats the offices as spoils, the greater an element of weakness they become. Since 1885 the party in possession of the federal offices has been regularly beaten in our national contests. A Democratic journal in the West wisely remarks, "If Democratic Congressmen from the different States openly organize themselves into patronage boards, they will probably be convinced of their mistake by the returns of the next Congressional election." In order to retain power the Democratic party must remain true to the genuine democratic principle. He is the best Democrat who is the most strenuous opponent of the aristocracy of influence, and the most earnest advocate of an equal chance for all, according to merit. And this means civil service reform.

THE PASSING OF HILL.

DAVID B. HILL has enjoyed a singularly successful career. Few men have risen to be United States Senators who were not rich, or who never contributed a thought to the discussion of public questions, or gave the slightest evidence of possessing any considerable knowledge of them. Mr. **HILL**, however, has accomplished the seemingly impossible. He is a Senator. He is said to be comparatively poor. He never makes a speech on the tariff, on silver, on any subject demanding knowledge and thought, that the daily press does not begin to guess who its author may be.

Mr. **HILL**'s day is passing. The people cannot always be deceived, and the senior Senator from New York has been found out. Even the politicians have discovered that his usefulness is gone, and the junior Senator is beginning to receive the larger share of their attentions. How Mr. **HILL** rose to the dictatorship of the New York Democracy is a tale that has been often told. He certainly betrayed a remarkable talent for organization, and an utter insensibility to the rights of others. His most famous utterance, "I am a Democrat," was a falsehood, because in all the history of machine politics no one has been more of an autocrat than he. He constructed a State Committee which is practically self-perpetuating, and against the decrees of which the Democratic voters of the State are powerless.

A year ago, on the 22d of February, Mr. **HILL** seemed to be at the zenith of his power. From that day to this his course has been downward, until even the machine, which then declared him to be its choice for President, and stultified itself by insisting for his sake that Mr. **CLEVELAND** could not carry the State if he were nominated at Chicago, has turned its back upon him.

It is true that Senator **HILL** is apparently in accord with Mr. **MURPHY** and Mr. **CROKER**. He cannot break with them. He must act with them, or go out of politics. He is with them because he has no other refuge. But he once commanded, and now he obeys. Mr. **HILL**'s hatred of Mr. **CLEVELAND** became an insanity, and the cooler-headed leaders among the bandits saw that his hot-headedness would wreck them and their gang. Therefore they controlled him, and are seeking the forgiveness of the President by turning their backs upon him.

Mr. **HILL** wanted to make a cabal against the President at the beginning of his administration. He would have delighted in preventing the confirmation of all of Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s appointees. That would have brought disaster to the machine, and Mr. **HILL** was forced to surrender to the dictation of Mr. **MURPHY**.

Moreover, Mr. **HILL**'s fellow-Senators from other States could not be brought to support him in such an effort. When Mr. **HILL** was Governor of the State, politicians who had never met him, who only read of his successes, and who believed the adulations that were poured upon him by his organs of the press, were induced to regard him as the coming man of the party. They saw the shining of the rotten wood, but could not know its essential worthlessness because they had not come in actual contact with it. It required only the presence of Mr. **HILL** in the Senate to dispel the illusions of Senators who had regarded him as great.

Mr. **HILL** is no longer to be greatly feared. He was strong only while there was no effective force of party sentiment against his machine's autocratic methods. There has not been a day in the last five years when Mr. **HILL** would have dared to face the voters of his party at fairly held primaries. And now that the machine must bend or break, Mr. **HILL** is an obstacle to bending. Therefore he must go. He can no longer lead. No one ought to be so able as he to see the truth of the situation. He can no longer help **MURPHY** and the rest of the pack, and therefore, after their natures, they will turn upon him and rend him. But the pack will continue to be just as dangerous after as before the passing of **HILL**.

THE LAW OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

THE Toledo, Ann Arbor, and Northern Michigan Railroad Company has complained in the Circuit Court of the United States for Northern Ohio that the inter-State freight delivered by it to other railroads is not forwarded, and that the obstruction is caused by the refusal of engineers and other workmen upon connecting roads to move trains or cars carrying such freight. This refusal is in obedience to orders from the Brotherhood of Engineers and other organizations of working-men, who are dissatisfied with the wages paid by the Ann Arbor company, and who establish this "boycott" to compel it to yield to the demands of its men. On proof of these facts, the court has directed the chief of the Brotherhood to countermand the order in question, and has forbidden the engineers and brakemen of the other railroads to obey such orders. Several of the men, who suddenly abandoned the service of one of the roads after the decree of the court was made, have been arrested on a charge of contempt of court, their action being plainly in support of the boycott, and in evasion and defiance of the decree.

Thus far the action of the court has been simply the enforcement of the letter of the Inter-State Commerce Act. That law forbids any discrimination by a railroad or any of its servants for or against any one of its connecting roads in forwarding or handling its freight. Every act of an engineer or other workman, therefore, making or compelling such discrimination is clearly a violation of the act, and can be enjoined or punished by a court of the United States. But the decree in question, and the several orders incidental to its enforcement, have produced such alarm and excitement among the chiefs of the great labor organizations as cannot be explained by the announcement of a familiar rule of law. They are reported as seeing in such decrees a death-blow to labor organizations. If it is sustained on appeal, they declare that such combinations are useless, and may as well be dissolved. They insist that the real question is whether a man has a right to quit employment at his will; and that if this is denied, workmen are but slaves. It is therefore plain that principles of law are assumed or suggested in this case which are far broader than those involved in the technical construction of the statute regulating inter-State commerce—principles, indeed, of universal application to organized labor in its relations to society; and the occasion is one which calls for such a definition of these as will guide our judgment in all similar cases.

This is the more needful if principles essential to public security and to individual freedom are attacked by the constitution and ordinary conduct of many labor unions. But the present issue at Toledo has brought into startling prominence the fact that it is so. These unions affirm the right of every man to labor or be idle at his pleasure; to enter an employment when its terms suit him, and to leave when he will, with no reason but his will. They then combine under an organization which centralizes in one or a few officers authority to control the whole body of workmen, agreeing to quit their employment at once whenever the order is given. The purpose of the combination is to wield such a power over employers as will compel submission to its terms. Hence its aim is to be able to inflict the utmost damage possible upon them and upon the community which they serve. In the case of a railroad it seeks to control such numbers and classes of its servants that the business of the road will be paralyzed by a strike. The greater the embarrassment of the road and the distress to the public, the more fully the purpose of the union is attained. Since the law requires the road to accommodate the public without discrimination and under heavy penalties, the combination of workmen, by forcing upon it the choice between unlawful discriminations in its service and a sudden destruction of its ability to serve the public at all, hopes to extort from it submission to all demands.

In every such case the plot is founded on an error.

From the earliest times the common law has refused to admit that an act which, done by an individual, is within his right, is necessarily innocent when done by a number in combination for the purpose of injuring or unduly influencing another. The elasticity of the law of conspiracy has often been expounded, and this law has been applied whenever the courts have been called upon to save the public from the injury and confusion threatened by such combinations. One man may hiss an actor at his will, but several may not combine to hiss him without exposing themselves to indictment. A dealer may use his credit to obtain goods without crime, but if he agrees with others so to use his credit for the profit of the confederates to the prejudice of sellers, he is guilty of conspiracy. Chief Justice GIBSON, of Pennsylvania, held, in 1821, that "a combination is criminal whenever the act to be done has a necessary tendency to prejudice the public or to oppress individuals by unjustly subjecting them to the power of the confederates, and giving effect to the purposes of the latter, whether of extortion or of mischief"; and the rule has never been questioned in America.

It is true that for many reasons this rule has rarely been applied by the courts to trades-unions, at least in this country. In most cases the proof is difficult. Public opinion is inclined to support working-men in all fair efforts to improve their condition, and commonly looks with toleration even on their excesses, knowing that economical laws will in the end correct most of them. Employers, too, find their profit, as well as their comfort, in agreeing with their workmen whenever it is possible, rather than in resolute opposition. But when combinations of men, whether laborers or not, are formed and governed for the one purpose of promoting private interests by disturbing the public peace, by blocking the ways of commerce, by holding in terror over their employers and the community their power to do mischief, the familiar law of conspiracy is applicable, and must be invoked against them. If the chief officers of the great brotherhoods of locomotive drivers and attendants are right in their reputed avowals that these are the real purposes of their unions, and that unless they have the right to carry out these ends their occupation is gone and they may as well dissolve, then the sooner the law of conspiracy is applied to them the better for the safety of the community.

In the Ann Arbor case the court has compelled the Brotherhood of Engineers to disclose its by-laws, which require members, at the bidding of its chief, to disobey the Inter-State Commerce Act by discriminating against the cars of any "boycotted" road. The tenor of all the orders in this case is to impress upon working-men the broad distinction between individual freedom in contracting and in labor, and a conspiracy to enforce private interests by combined action, regardless of the rights of others. The distinction is not obscure, and must be thoroughly learned if trades-unions are to be other than a menace to civil order and public prosperity, and other than a curse in the end to the whole body of working-men.

THE QUADRENNIAL HARVEST.

THE office-seeker's harvest has come round again. What he has been sowing for four years he now goes in to reap. Why not? He has put in seed after seed that wouldn't come up; he has hoed and harrowed, endured droughts and freshets and insects and blights; has cultivated other people's crops; even tried to graft on bearing political trees, and the grafts did not take; he has, in short, served his party as well as he has served his God, and having shared its toil, he is willing to share its pay. Perhaps he has been incidentally kept alive by his party; and does not this relation establish a claim for further support? Why should a man who is willing to serve his country for a compensation be branded an "office-seeker"? It is true that there is a queer notion entertained by many people who have no capacity to serve themselves that they have a capacity to serve the public. But this notion is justified by experience, for many men who cannot support themselves earn a very good living in public office. And it can be justly said that they are the men who need public office.

It is all very nice to say that the office should seek the man; but these people know very well that this is a delusion. You might as well say that apples will pick themselves. The boys who get the fruit are those that climb the tree and shake it. And that is what the boys are doing now. They have rushed to Washington by the thousands, and those who cannot climb the tree are clubbing it. It is one of the most striking things in our quadrennial spectacle. Talk about patriotism! Talk about decay of interest in the government in a republic! Here is an army of men willing to give up home, occupation (if they have any), to assume responsibility, to endure criticism, in order to serve their country in any capacity or incapacity, from holding up the Washington Monument to learning French in Paris. It is a splendid onset and exhibition of vitality. If there happened to be a war, and this army were uniformed, it would clean out any hostile government in the world, office-holders and all. And the sad part of it is that there are not half offices enough for this army; there are ten men clubbing a tree where hangs only one apple.

It would be sadder still if nobody was willing to take office. The government would come to a standstill. We must not overlook this. It is in the minds of the patriots who are now clamoring for the places of the aged, the incapable, the politically unsound. Without this wholesale change, ambition to serve the public would by-and-by wither away, and then who would attend to the free and popular elections? And this is not all. The holding of office is an honorable ambition if it is honorably attained, and the struggle to get it gives animation to our affairs. We are about the only civilized country where a general election is followed by such a general *bouleversement*. But that is a sort of distinction. It may be true that the public business would be better done if men of experience and training were kept in place; but politics and business are two things, and politics, rightly interpreted as office-seeking, makes the country lively. Considering the number of harvesters, it is a pity that so many will go home without sheaves.

THINGS TALKED OF

As we go to press the news comes of the death of two of New York's best-known citizens—Mr. John Taylor Johnston, after a long illness, and Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, suddenly from what might be termed a "medical accident." The monument to the memory of Mr. Johnston is a double one—the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Both bear testimony to an energetic, broad, and well-trained mind, and to a character of great elevation and nobleness of purpose. He built up the now great railroad from very small beginnings by methods far in advance of the ideas of the time, including especially the development of suburban and pleasure-resort travel by means of frequent and attractive trains and general good service. Though the corporation finally succumbed to difficulties which it is not necessary here to trace, Mr. Johnston retired from it with a justly honored name, and with but a remnant of the fortune he had gained in its management.

It is, however, as the founder of and generous, painstaking, and enlightened worker for the Metropolitan Museum of Art that Mr. Johnston is best known and will be most gratefully remembered. He was its first President, and remained in its active service until four years since, when his health forced him to resign, but he was made Honorary President, and remained in that position until his death. He was a most devoted and discriminating as well as a catholic lover of art, and his gallery up to the time when he was forced to dispose of it was an extremely rich and instructive one. So long as he retained it it was opened one day in each week to the public, in the fine spirit that animated him in everything relating to art. There was not the faintest taint of self-glorification or even self-satisfaction in the varied and beneficent work that he did to promote the love and enjoyment of art in New York and in the United States. It would not be easy to name any citizen who has rendered service of higher value, of more lasting influence, and in a more manly and modest way than Mr. Johnston.

Mr. Johnston brought to this country the "Slave Ship" of Turner; was the owner of Church's "Niagara," a picture that, however criticised, gave a strong impulse to American painting; collected an excellent representation of the artists of the Spanish-French school—Fortuny, Madrazo, and their companions; and was among the first to appreciate at their true value the remarkable works of the Barbizon school. When it is remembered that Mr. Johnston never commanded, even in his most prosperous days, a great fortune, and that his gifts to art in this country included long and faithful and intelligent labor, the debt of the community to him cannot be exaggerated. His was a type of citizenship, fortunately not too rare, in which lies much of the hope of American society.

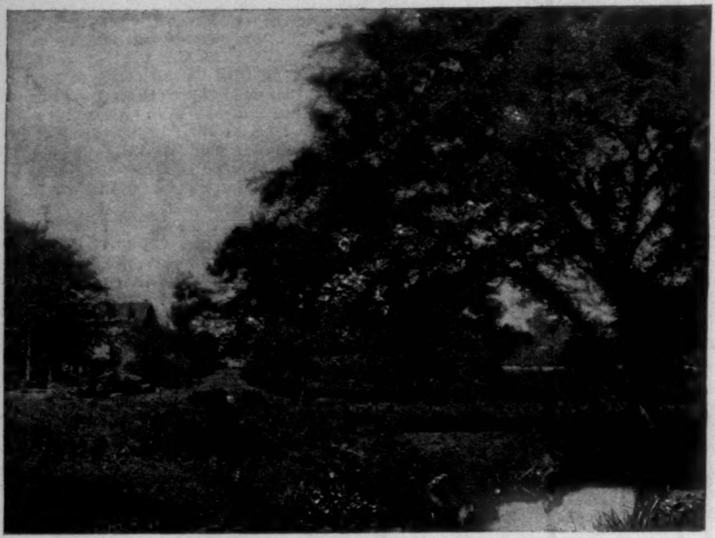
Mr. Shepard was one of the best-known figures in New York life. He won his title of "Colonel," by which he was familiarly known, as a member of Governor Morgan's staff at the outbreak of the war for the Union, when he raised the Fifty-first Regiment of Volunteers. He was a graduate of the University of the City of New York, and was afterward admitted to the bar. He was one of the originators of the New York State Bar Association. A quarter of a century ago he married the eldest daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He was a Republican in politics, and a very earnest one, and gave freely of his time and means for the advancement of its interests as he conceived them. Six years ago he became the editor and reputed owner of the *Mail and Express* of this city, in which he introduced many interesting novelties, some of which astonished his contemporaries. The most marked was the daily quotation of a text from the Bible at the head of his editorial columns. Another was the very emphatic manner in which he discussed questions of church administration, of doctrine, and of morals. He was a most earnest advocate of the obligation to keep the Sabbath, and elaborated the theme at great length and with peculiar fervor of argument. He was President of the American Sabbath Union, and Chairman of the Committee on Sabbath Observance of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. As President of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line he found it necessary to buy up the stock of the corporation to prevent the running of the stages on what his paper called "Sonday." He was a generous man toward charities and church work and missions, and labored in the extension of what he accepted as the Christian religion "according to his light."

We are indebted to the correspondent of the *Times* in Paris, whose happy function it is to furnish artistic news about artistic *toilettes* to readers (of the correspondent's sex?), for authoritative information that the reign of crinoline is not yet. This cheerful intelligence comes from two very high sources, one the supreme French dressmaker of his time, and the other an Englishman of equally undoubting supremacy. It is characteristic of their respective races, perhaps, that the Englishman says that crinoline *will* not be used, and cites the decisive fact that "twelve"—note the proud exactness of this numeral, not a dozen, nor any vague expression of number, but precisely twelve—"royal personages" whom he has had the honor to wait upon for instructions as to their wardrobes have not mentioned crinoline. On the other hand, the Frenchman says with equal pride and authority, but of a different kind, that crinoline *shall* not be used. He will not permit it. Has he not given his precious time and his invaluable talents gradually and firmly to lead the daughters of Eve to a style of wearing apparel which, if not so simple as that of their great ancestress, shall at least not confuse and pervert the noble lines of beauty inherited from her? And shall he now, in the hour of his triumph, when feminine charms to the remotest ends of the earth enjoy the aid and enhancement of his art, submit to see them subjected to this hideous and monstrous defilement called crinoline? Thousands of thunders and names of all mentionable things! *Jamais! jamais!* Both of which assurances we accept with profound relief. If royalty, inherited or earned, forbids crinoline, the common-sense of our republican women may be left free to reject it. For the moment we breathe more easily.

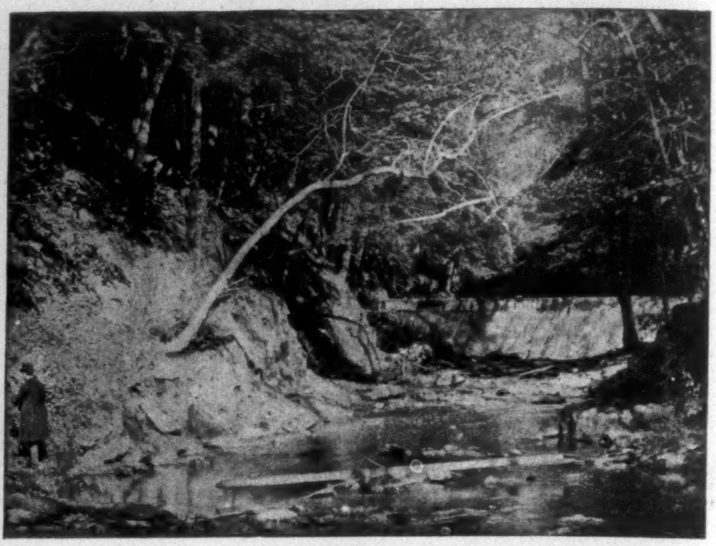
One of the most interesting publications of the year bears the imprint "Hampton Normal School Press, 1893." Its title is *Twenty-two Years' Work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia.* It is not easy to give an impression of its contents, for besides a most clear and engaging introductory explanation by General Armstrong of the purpose and methods of the Hampton School, there are brief biographical notes of the lives of some hundreds of the graduates of the school. It is in these that the value, and we may add the charm, of this remarkable volume is to be found. The notes are very simple and direct, in the words, often, of the subject of them. They tell the career of the graduate, his success in his occupation, the work he is doing for his race, and thus indirectly disclose the influence of this noble school. Take this case at random: A negro boy, born in slavery on the eve of the war, separated from his mother until after emancipation, goes to Hampton, pays his way, from there to be a doctor's "boy" in this State, studying in the evenings, works his course through a medical school, becomes a physician, and now has a large practice and a drug store in a Georgia town. He writes: "I have worked hard for the cause of education, and have contributed liberally—labor and money. As to church and Sunday-school work, I have done very little, my time being so completely occupied, and there are so many who can do that who cannot do what I am doing." This tells the story of many—a quiet, strong, persistent, spreading influence from year to year, from generation to generation. We should say that a dollar could not be better spent than for this book, which can be had from Hampton; but the sympathetic reader should be warned that it will surely lead to spending more. The appeal is irresistible.

New Orleans has within the past year or two become unpleasantly noted for the encouragement of so-called "glove-fights," which are simply a form of prize-fight with the element of money much more prominent than the old-fashioned glory—such as it was—that men like "Yankee" Sullivan, Heenan, and Morrissey chiefly fought for. The modern fight is carried on by men who make a regular business of it, and who know that great success in it means a solid fortune, on which one can retire to the elegant leisure of the retail liquor business. This fortune is made possible by the fact that prize-fighting is the latest and, in a pretty wide circle, the most fascinating form of gambling. It is this that enabled a "club" in New Orleans to offer a purse of $40,000 for the recent engagement of two imported Australian bruisers. The charges for admission to the "club-house" were very high, from $10 to $25, but even at these prices the receipts did not pay the expenses. The chief attraction was not the fighting, but the betting. According to the best and most impartial judges, the men were in no wise remarkable as boxers or as athletes. But they had been ingeniously advertised in various parts of the country, a hateful feeling was said, truly or falsely, to exist between them, the public was made to believe that the battle would be a long and doubtful one, excitement was worked up to the highest pitch, and the betting was very heavy. But the fight only lasted a few moments, no scientific sparring was shown, and one of the men was "knocked out" by what seems to have been a chance blow, and certainly one that a really skilful boxer would hardly have received. The town was flooded with a mob of "toughs" and "sporting" men, dissolute brutes and gilded fools who spent their money or lost it freely. Happily the very absurdity of this vicious farce has awakened the decent people of New Orleans to a sense of the injury and disgrace the city has suffered, and a strong movement has been begun to stop the evil. A community that was able to deal with the Louisiana lottery ought to be equal to suppressing this less insidious and more disgusting form of gambling.

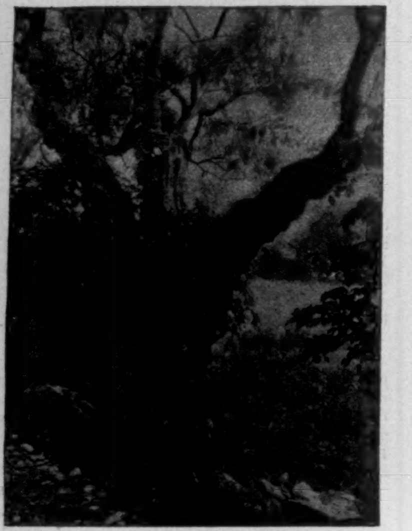
One of the exhibits which Chicago will be able to offer to the gaze of wondering strangers will be Mr. Carter Harrison. Whether he be presented as the Mayor of that town, or as the ex-Mayor and defeated candidate for election, will make a great difference to Chicago; but in any case he will be quite interesting enough to study. We do not know exactly in what department of the world's products he ought to have a place, he is of so complex composition. He might be put in the educational court of Illinois, for he is a well-educated man, and is said to discourse not only fluently but with interest in several languages, besides the considerable variety of his native tongue, of which he is a master. If there were a department of political dynamics, he would carry off honors there, for he has accomplished what seemed to be, and ought to be, the impossible in that peculiar field. At the late convention of the Democratic party, with every newspaper in the city save his own bitterly and justly opposed to him, with every element in the Iroquois Club, from the most select "silk stocking" to the most powerful ward leader, fighting him, with the conscientious and resolute hostility of all decent people in Chicago, he smiled upon his foes, with 500 out of the 600 delegates in the hollow of his hand. This power he is believed to have gained by the acute, unscrupulous, constant manipulation of every force in politics that honest men dread and detest, by the spoils of office in his former terms as Mayor, by the favor of the gamblers, the keepers of dives and houses of ill fame, and the varied class known as "crooks," and—to their shame be it said—by alliance with a number of great corporations, the morality of whose managers is exhausted in keeping their private lives respectable. If now Chicago can manage to put him down, if it can free itself from the danger and disgrace with which his election threatens the great and noble city, then the strangers within its gates in this Columbian year might be interested and instructed with the study of Harrison. But if Chicago cannot do this, the city itself will be a melancholy marvel to all comers, and to those from non-republican lands an impressive warning.



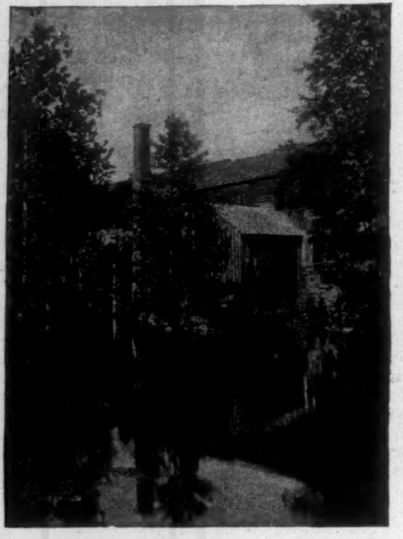
ENTRANCE TO THE PARK LANDS.



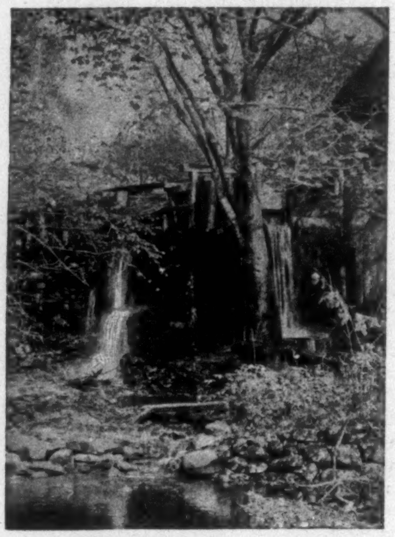
BELOW THE DAM ON THE BRONX RIVER—LORILLARD PLACE.



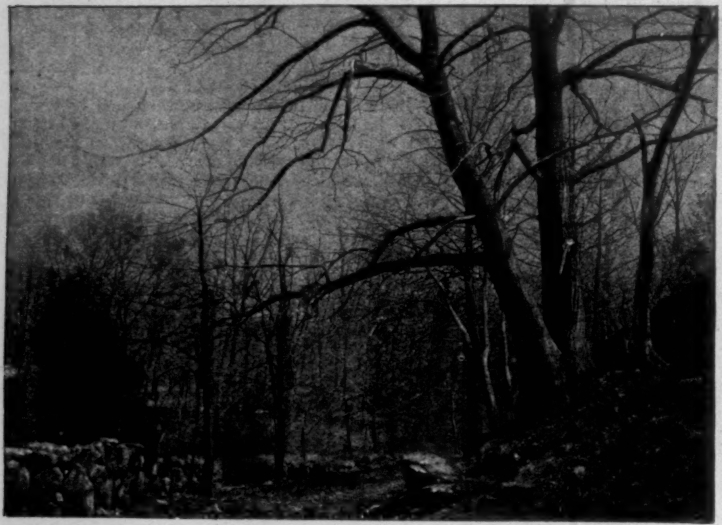
THE "DANTE TREE" ON THE BANK OF THE BRONX.



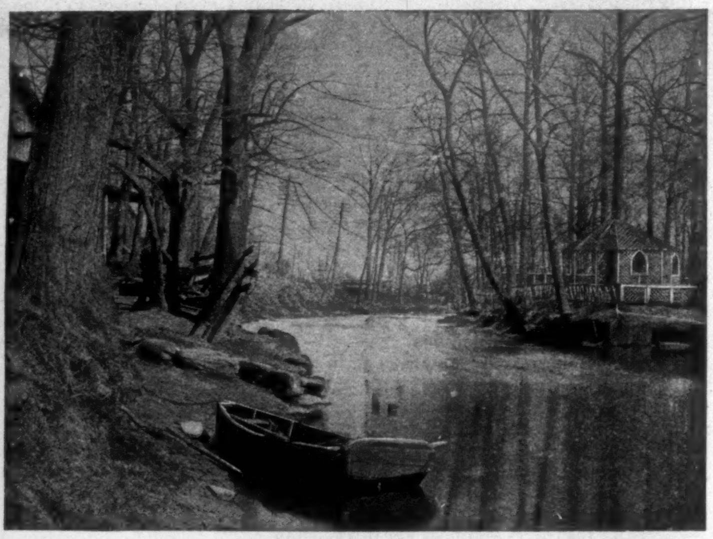
OLD MILL ON THE BRONX.



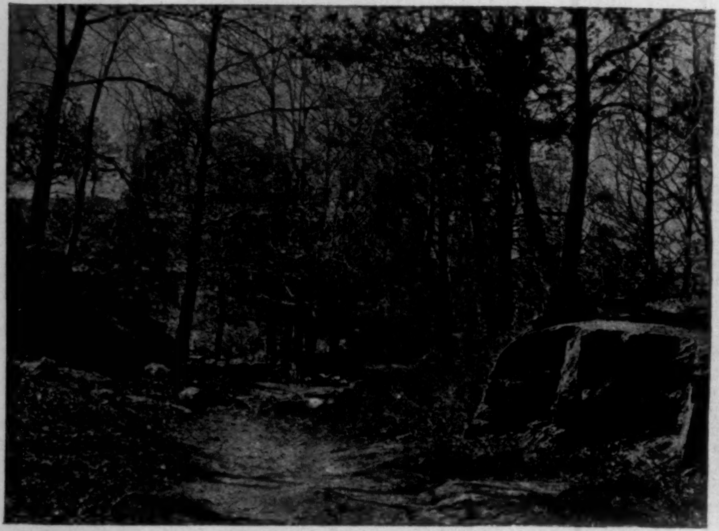
THE OLD SNUFF-MILL FLUME—LORILLARD PLACE.



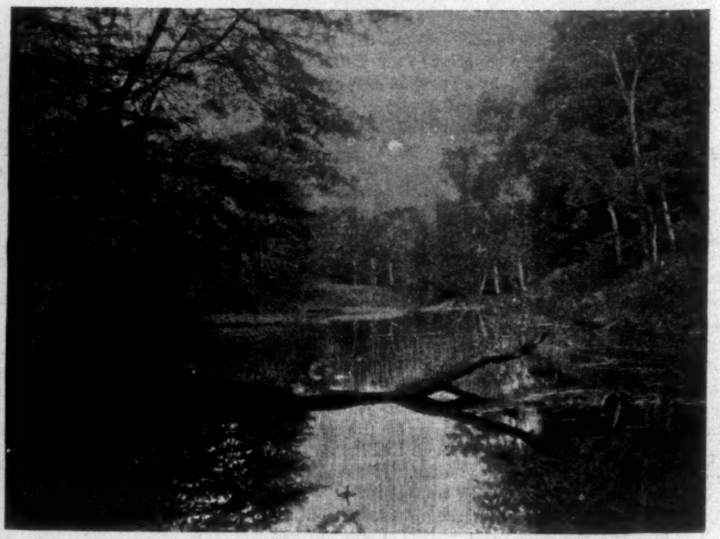
THE SUICIDES' TREE.



NEAR WILLIAMS BRIDGE.

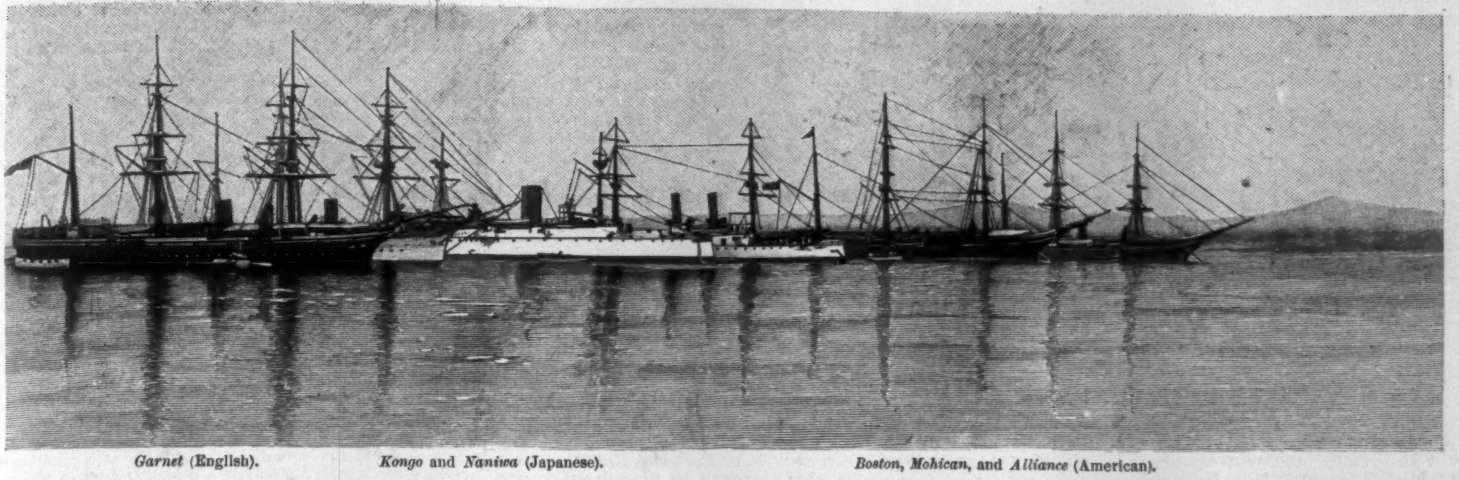


SUICIDES' LANE.



FROG WALLOW, NEAR OLD LORILLARD MANSION.

THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK.—From Photographs.—[See Page 298.]

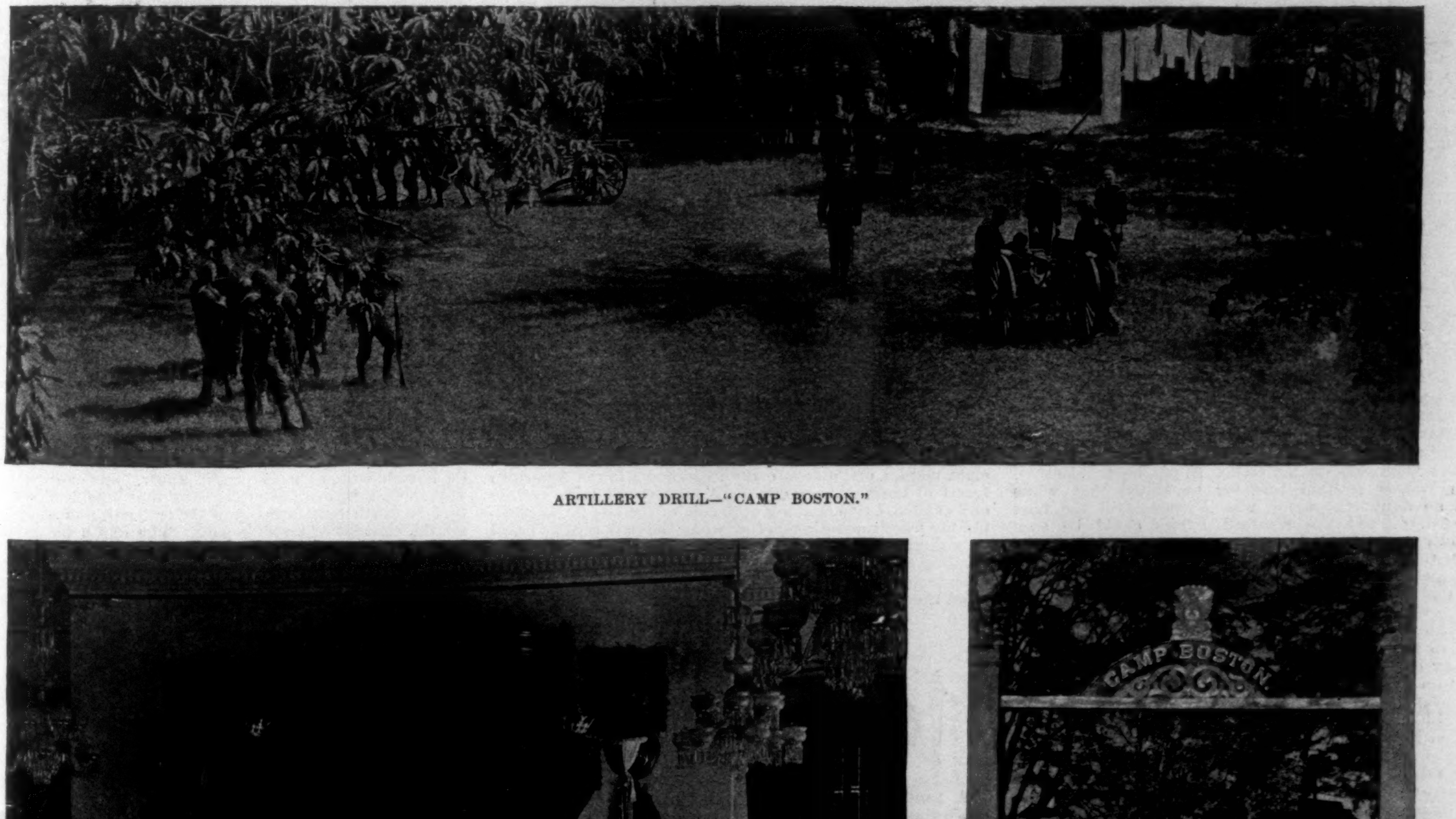


Garnet (English). *Kongo* and *Naniwa* (Japanese). *Boston*, *Mohican*, and *Alliance* (American).

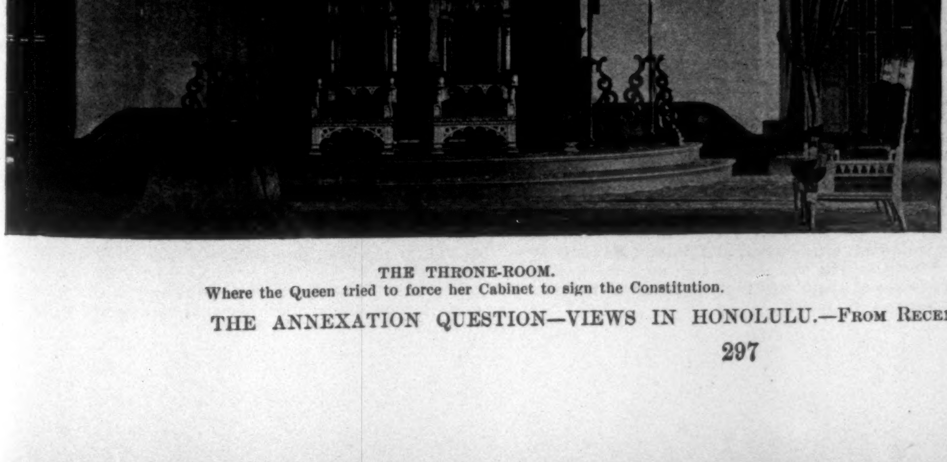
WAR VESSELS AT PRESENT ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

ARION HALL.
Artillery returning from Drill.

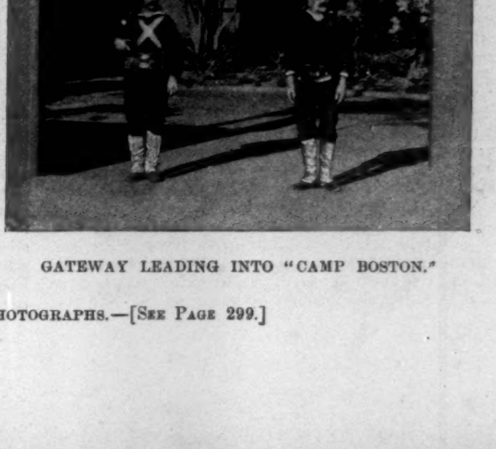
THE "BISHOP" RESIDENCE,
Where the *Boston* Battalion is encamped at present.



ARTILLERY DRILL—"CAMP BOSTON."

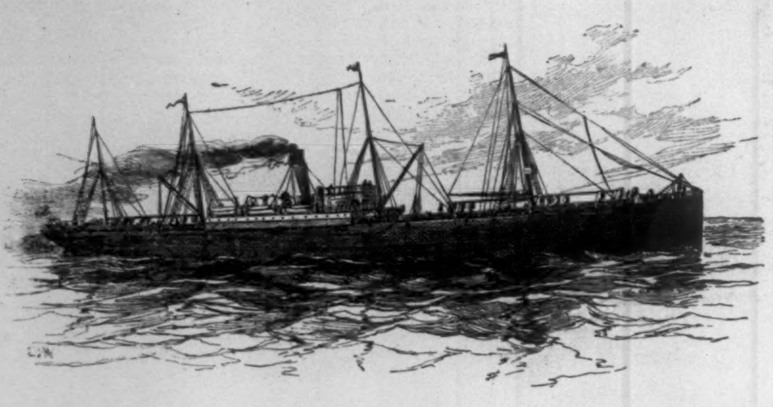


THE THRONE-ROOM.
Where the Queen tried to force her Cabinet to sign the Constitution.



GATEWAY LEADING INTO "CAMP BOSTON."

THE ANNEXATION QUESTION—VIEWS IN HONOLULU.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 299.]



THE MYSTERY OF THE "NARONIC."

THE disappearance of the well-found and fully manned freight-steamer *Naronic* adds another disaster to the pitiable array which makes the past winter memorable in sea annals. For its record is indeed a disheartening one, and has awakened the attention of the maritime nations to the possibilities of ocean accidents and to the responsibilities these impose. Not only in transatlantic waters, but wherever in the northern hemisphere tide-waters reach, the season was filled with hardships for sea-going people, and was bitter with anxieties for many ashore. The waters were harried by gale and hurricane; accidents of the most variant, most unexpected character swelled the list of unpreventable causes of disaster, and from every ocean came tales of mishaps which proved the futility of hoping that modern genius had achieved the mastery of the sea. Neither professional skill nor the best construction seemed on occasion to be of the least avail; and though fortunately the loss of life was below the average, yet in several notable instances this was due not to human energy and capacity, but to a good fortune—call it what you will—which interposed at the moment when it was most needed.

Justly or unjustly, one effect of these numerous accidents has been the deepening of the distrust which possesses so many intelligent people who otherwise would be enrolled among the foreign travelling classes. Public confidence in the security of the ocean ferriage was in the beginning greatly disturbed by the difficulties which beset several of the best-known and stanchest steamers, and now the mystery enshrouding the *Naronic* has intensified this dread to a degree which will materially affect the shipping interests. Nor is this disquietude confined to laymen, for seafaring persons rated the *Naronic* so highly that an accident of a character which so far leaves her fate unknown shows of how little value, after all, are the highest assumed standards. For this vessel was hardly a year afloat, and was built of steel in the strongest manner, and upon lines and scantlings which did not call for the certain fineness and lightness demanded by racers. She had transverse and longitudinal bulkheads which would localize the effect of collisions, was fitted with triple-expansion engines and twin screws, was of a displacement—6594 tons—sufficient to cope with any sea or gale, and was equipped with every appliance found in the most modern freight-steamer. And yet she leaves port, encounters one heavy storm—and that is all known of her.

Forty days after she had left Liverpool—she sailed on the 11th of February, and should have arrived on the 23d—Captain Wilson, of the British steamer *Coventry*, arrived at Bremen, and reported he had sighted two of her life-boats. His log showed that at two o'clock on the morning of March 4th, when in latitude 42° north and longitude 46° west, the *Coventry* passed a life-boat floating keel upward, painted white, and escutcheoned *Naronic*. Twelve hours later another life-boat from the *Naronic* was sighted. This one appeared to have met heavy weather, was filled half to the gunwales with water, and was riding to an improvised sea-anchor, made of the oars and spars lashed and woolded together, and attached to the boat by the long drift of a payed-out painter. Here were two facts, susceptible of various solutions, but tending to show that the *Naronic* had been in such stress that her crew had taken to the boats. The first, standing alone, was worth little, for it must be a sharp seaman's eyes which, at two in the morning, in mid-Atlantic, just in the neck of the Devil's Hole, could read the name stencilled on a derelict ship's boat. Indeed, Captain Wilson realized this, for he stated that while he had no doubt the name was *Naronic*, still the boat was capsized, and the reversed letters could be seen only when the ends of the craft were thrown clear of the sea. Of the second boat there is no question, and the sea-anchor, that trusty device which has been a godsend to sailors the world over, proved that the boat had not been washed overboard, but had been launched, manned, and managed by some of the crew of the *Naronic*. Neither boat seemed to have been long adrift, and as they were only a little way out of the track of shipping, it is all Lombard Street to a Seville orange that the ship's company of the second boat has been picked up. The point where the *Coventry* sighted them was about 1870 miles from Liverpool and 1280 from New York, and about 140 miles to the southward of the position which the *Naronic* should have reached on the ninth day out. Six life-boats were carried, ample for all hands, as, despite the earlier rumors, the crew of the *Naronic* did not muster more than fifty-five, and the passengers—cattle-care-takers returning for stock—numbered fifteen, or seventy all told.

Of the ship nothing can be said, though the chances of her still being afloat are very slight, for so many possibilities exist against this. As to the cause of the disaster, who may tell? By the English Merchants' Shipping Act of 1854 it was assumed in the preliminary courts of inquiry that a vessel might be lost by any one of thirteen causes, the list beginning with the act of God, running through culpable inefficiencies, and ending by the act of the Queen's enemies. At present the causes are relegated to four classes: first, accidents, etc.; second, errors, ignorance, neglect, etc.; third, defective material; and fourth, perils of the sea. From an examination of 15,828 English and 1367 American casualties it was found that for the total number of wrecks, excluding collisions, 45 per cent. were due to preventable causes. These facts show how idle it is to speculate upon the subject, for statistics further claim that as many as 4500 wrecks occur in a year, and that the average loss of life by shipwreck is over 1700. What is more, the number of ships which, like the *Naronic*, leave port and are never again reported is startling; for how many sailors know that of 10,000 vessels lost in a given number of years nearly 850 were never heard of from the day their pilot was discharged or some sister wanderer on the sea saw them dip below the verge?

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

NEW YORK city has long been the proud owner of one of the three handsomest parks in the world, yet it has hitherto lacked that great essential a Botanical Garden, which goes so far towards rendering other great parks bright and beautiful. For several years both Columbia College and the Torrey Botanical Society have been agitating the question of a grand Botanical Garden in one of the many parks owned by New York city. At last their efforts promise to be crowned with success, and the enterprise is set on foot under what seems to be the fairest auspices. One year ago the Legislature appropriated half a million dollars for the furtherance of this project, on condition that the incorporators of the garden would raise $250,000, while at the same time it authorized the city of New York to set apart two hundred and fifty acres of Bronx Park for the purpose. Many wealthy and prominent citizens at once identified themselves with the project, and at a meeting held February 25, 1893, in the rooms of the American Geographical Society, at 11 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, it was announced that only a trifling sum was yet needed to complete the conditional $250,000 required before the State appropriation could become available. At the same time it was resolved by the incorporators to proceed with the subscriptions, and raise, if possible, half a million of dollars. Among those present at the meeting were Cornelius Vanderbilt, who presided; Seth Low, President of Columbia College; ex-Judge Charles P. Daly; Robert Maclay, of the Board of Education; John S. Kennedy, President of the Lenox Library; J. Pierpont Morgan, Judge Addison Brown, Charles Butler, Samuel Sloan, and Professor Nathaniel L. Britton.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, chairman of the finance committee, stated that $250,000 was not sufficient to equip and endow the museum and garden, and that the committee had already progressed far toward making the sum half a million, seven subscriptions of $25,000 each of the additional $250,000 being pledged, while many persons had expressed a willingness to subscribe from $1000 to $10,000. He said there would be no trouble in securing half a million or more, which, with the $500,000 appropriated by the State, would place a million of dollars at their disposal.

The favorite location for the garden is a strip of land on both sides of the Bronx River, extending the entire length of the park. This will include the old Lorillard mansion and nearly one hundred acres of cleared ground beautifully situated for greenhouses and flower gardens. After the two hundred and fifty acres have been selected and set apart for the Botanical Garden there will still remain five hundred acres in the park, which is composed mostly of broad fields and cool woodlands.

The garden will be only a few minutes' walk from either Fordham or Bedford Park station on the Harlem Railroad. It will also be easily reached by several surface street-car lines running in the annexed district. The tract begins near Bronxdale, and extends in the direction of the stream as far as to Williams Bridge. Few people in New York, in comparison to the population, are familiar with its rural beauties, and few people except those who live in the immediate vicinity ever visit the place. It is a land of delightful shade in summer-time, where one may watch the laughing water, cool and sparkling, as it rushes over pebbly bottoms, brawls among the rocks, and glides gracefully over the ruined dam, or is dashed in spray over the old mill-wheel and tumble-down flume. It abounds in swales, where the neighborhood urchins amuse themselves whacking bull-frogs and catching the silver minnow. The old mill of Peter Lorillard still has over its door the ancient sign of "Peter Lorillard: Snuff Mill," while on the banks of the stream strange freaks of nature are found growing, knobby-trunked willows, larches, weeping-willows, copper-beeches, elms, maples, and almost every tree known to the American forest of the Northern clime. A sequestered path, pebbly and shaded, extends along each side of the stream, suggesting the most romantic reveries, while the only sounds heard by a rambler are the pipings of the birds or the music of rippling and falling water. Occasionally the tolling of the deep-toned bells of St. John's College at Fordham breaks in upon the stillness of this peaceful scene.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A MOMENTARY panic swept this State a fortnight ago when the telegraph reported that Mr. Joseph Choate, in the course of some after-dinner remarks on St. Patrick's day, had given offence by inviting the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to band their Irish-American brethren together and go back and govern Ireland. It was hinted in the first reports that Mr. Choate had put his foot in it deep with the Friendly Sons, and fears were entertained in towns more or less remote from the metropolis that he had put a full stop to his career as a post-prandial orator. The fuller reports that came with the New York papers were reassuring. Mr. Choate's remarks, when given at length, were seen to be somewhat adventurous, but not unduly satirical, and certainly not injurious as coming from Mr. Choate. Nevertheless, judged by after-dinner standards, they were not exactly successful, since they failed to please the audience that received them. Father Power, at an entertainment in Harlem two nights later, went so far as to assert that they contained a base and malignant insinuation; and though Mayor Gilroy, who heard them, said he did not get that impression, Father Power's estimate of them was the one that was popular at the entertainment in Harlem.

In a recent allusion to the reaction against the Parliamentary control of Mr. Balfour, the *Christian Union* speaks of him as a statesman "whose cool and imperturbable temperament and ready power of sarcasm make him singularly effective in dealing with the Irish." Mr. Choate also has the cool and imperturbable temperament and the ready power of sarcasm, and yet he seems to have misdealt with the Friendly Sons. Can it be that coolness and imperturbability and sarcasm are not so well adapted to dealing with "the Irish" as has been supposed, and that it is safest to approach them with expressions of that frank and genial admiration which is characterized in the vernacular as "guff"? It is not complimentary to Irish gumption or to the Irish temperament to think so. One does not willingly permit himself to believe that the wittiest people on earth regard a joke as a joke when they make it, and a joke at their expense as an insult!

And after dinner, too! It was neither kind nor judicious of the Friendly Sons to be so severely critical at such a season. If a little thing like playful satire is to be taken amiss in an after-dinner orator, then verily that profession is sackcloth on the back, and dust and ashes in the mouth. Such an after-dinner speaker as Mr. Choate has nothing to gain by his much speaking except his dinner, and everything—not excepting his dinner—to lose. He gets no fee, no added reputation that will be useful to him in his business, no merchantable emolument of any sort. The only advantageous result, besides food and drink, that he can possibly wring from his predicament is a little fun. To grudge him that, or to split hairs with him as to the quality of it, is certainly a scrutiny of the teeth of the gratuitous horse. The Friendly Sons belied their name in so far as they really grudged a laborious and deserving comic talker like Mr. Choate any fun he might get out of their after-dinner, even at their expense.

Dinners are much too serious anyway, particularly for the speakers. In Boston, in the week ending March 18th, two men dropped dead at public dinners. One of the feasts thus visited was a Tammany Club dinner on St. Patrick's day, and the fatal visitation did not come until four o'clock in the morning. That case may have been simply one of exhausted nature, but about the other there was something almost suggestive of a judgment. For it happened at the annual supper of a Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the brother who fell was a Presbyterian clergyman who had just arisen to respond to the toast, "The Temperance Outlook." Is there not something perverse and contrary to nature about having toasts at temperance banquets, and drinking them in water out of goblets? Water is unquestionably the best drink in the world, but not for toasts. It is right and proper that our temperance friends should eat together, and that their souls should flow, but they ought to get up a new apparatus for the exploitation of their after-dinner remarks. The livery of Silenus is not adapted to the service of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard. Twist or turn it as you will, it does not fit.

Mate Brown, late of the bark *Lady Lampson*, has embarrassment for his portion this month. The *Lady Lampson* was wrecked, and the crew had very severe experiences before they were picked up. They all arrived safe and sound in San Francisco on the 8th of March, and were glad to get there, but they are not quite happy. Neither are they a united marine family. The captain and his wife and the cabin-boy are staying at a different hotel from the mate and four seamen. The trouble is that when they were adrift, being out of provisions, Mate Brown was of the opinion that it was best to eat the cabin-boy and Mrs. Peterson, the captain's wife. In spite of this preference shown for them, neither Mrs. Peterson nor the boy can abide Mate Brown. They would not even come back from Apia on the same ship with him, and they will be glad when he leaves town. So the mate is embarrassed and sore over it; and yet, he says, he "couldn't see anything wrong in killing a boy or a woman to keep life in four good men." Which all goes to show what a sentimental world it is, and what unsuspected pitfalls yawn for practical men to trip into.

If it is true, as reported, that General Beauregard left a million dollars apiece to his two children, the conclusion is reasonable that when he twirled the wheel of fortune for the Louisiana Lottery Company he did not do it solely for love of watching the turns of luck. There were sure winnings in the lottery for him, and he did not disdain to carry them home and salt them down. Therein he differed from Baron de Hirsch, who, as most people know, finds one use of his vast income in demonstrating that that notable lottery the turf is worth cultivating purely for itself, and aside from all the chances of possible gain. The Baron has given to hospitals, homes, and benevolent associations, principally in London, without regard to their creeds or nationalities, all the money won by him upon the turf during 1891 and 1892. In 1891 the winnings amounted to £7000, and last year to £35,000. The amounts received from him by various institutions vary from £4000 to £200. Several of them received £2200, the largest beneficiary of all being the London Hospital. There are some forty institutions on his race-money list, among them Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home, the Temperance Hospital, the German Hospital, St. Andrew's Convalescent Home, the Bethany Convalescent Home, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Orphans of Mercy. Of course such racing establishments as the owner of La Flèche keeps up in England and the Continent involve great expenditure. Experts determine that the Baron's English stables alone cost him £25,000 a year, so it seems that he has not deducted his racing expenses from his winnings, but has given away all the money his horses have secured. It has not been uncommon in England for the winners of great sporting events to give money liberally for the purchase of plate. The largest gift of that sort was a piece of plate of the nominal value of £1000, given by Lord George Bentinck in 1837, to be run for at the Goodwood.

It seems that one of the American Edens is threatened with an invasion. Michael Cudahey, of Omaha and Chicago, has announced that he is going to start a factory of hog products at Los Angeles. Probably it will do Los Angeles no real harm, but benefit it rather by cheapening food. But it is a rude shock to the imagination to have the California Nice associated with anything so frankly carnal and mundane as the conversion of vegetation into swine and the evolution of swine into pork. There is disillusion enough in the shriek of the steam-whistles among the orange groves, but when you hear a mournful cadence in the distance, and can't say whether it is the wind among the pines or the swan-song of the pork, the resulting ambiguity is enough to affect land values and reduce rents.

It has been noted as a circumstance of interest that a New York bookseller had for sale the other day an imported book bound in human skin. It is not generally known that there is a regular trade in such bindings by London firms, who get their hides raw from the critics. It is even alleged that poets have been flayed to order to provide a binding for their own works; which may be so, of course, but I don't guarantee its truth.

There is a chance for some enterprising young college president to get a "beat" on all the others by engaging Mr. Garner as professor of his newly discovered monkey talk. The advantage of learning monkey talk is that there is no monkey literature, and having once got the language, you are not exposed to the risk of being called upon to read anything in it. A contemporary language in which no newspapers are printed is not without at least one claim to popularity in a world so busy as this.

E. S. Martin.

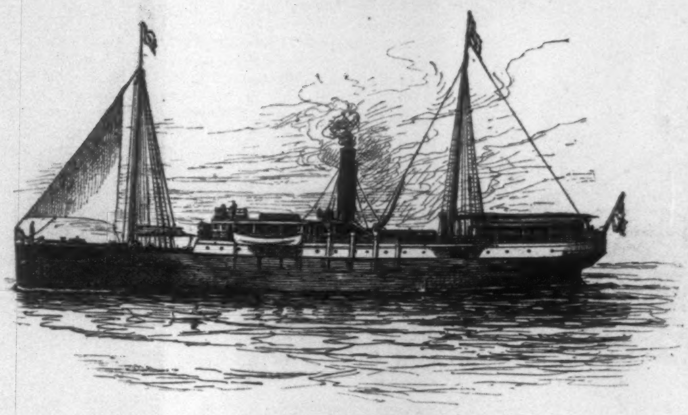
SOME NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS.

There are few men in the country better fitted by nature and training for the French mission than ex-Senator James B. Eustis, whom Mr. Cleveland has just appointed to that post. Mr. Eustis is a man of various accomplishments. He is a lawyer so learned in his profession that he has been professor in the State University of the civil or French law, which prevails in Louisiana. While he was in active life he was a leader in a bar that numbers some very acute minds. He has been especially a student of international law, and is thoroughly acquainted with the diplomatic history of this country. He has lived many years in Paris, and speaks the French tongue as well as his own. He is rich, agreeable, cultivated, and popular. He will transact the business between the United States and France with ability, and personally and socially will more than maintain the reputation which our recent ministers have won in Paris.

Mr. Eustis was born in New Orleans fifty-nine years ago. He was graduated at Harvard College Law School in 1854. During the war of the rebellion he first served on General Magruder's staff as Judge Advocate-General, and afterwards until the end of the war on General Johnston's staff. He was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1872 he was nominated for Congressman-at-large. A fusion ticket was made after this nomination, however, and Mr. Eustis's name was dropped. After serving in both Houses of the State Legislature, he was elected to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. His service here was for two years, from 1877 to 1879. When he retired he became professor of civil law at the University of Louisiana, and occupied the chair until 1884, when he was again elected to the Senate. During this term he was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He retired in 1891, but continued to reside in Washington, where he had built a handsome house. Soon after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration Mr. Eustis became dissatisfied with the President's appointments. He was not a believer in civil service reform that kept Republicans in office, and was one of the first, perhaps the very first, of the Democratic Senators who believed in "turning out the rascals" to break with the President. He authorized an interviewer to say for him that, in his judgment, "Mr. Cleveland, thus far, from a Democratic stand-point, has been a conspicuous and humiliating failure." In 1892, however, Mr. Eustis was one of the first to recognize the necessity of Mr. Cleveland's renomination, and appeared as a speaker at the Tremont Temple ratification meeting which was held in Boston immediately after the convention.

Theodore Runyon, who has been named as Minister to Germany, has long been looked upon as one of the State's best and ablest Democrats. That he has not been in active politics during recent years is due to the fact that the Democratic party of New Jersey has been under the control of men who have been unable to appreciate Mr. Runyon's sterling character. He is the kind of American who increases respect for this country in Europe, an American who believes in the country and its institutions, and whose character and abilities make him equal to any position in which he may be placed. Mr. Runyon was born at Somerville, New Jersey, in 1822, and was graduated at Yale College in 1842. He was admitted to the bar in 1846, and has practised his profession at Newark continuously with the exception of the years during which he served in the army and as Chancellor. He was a Brigadier-General of militia when the war broke out, and took his brigade to Washington at once. It is said that this New Jersey brigade was the first fully equipped and organized brigade to reach the capital. Mr. Runyon was candidate for Presidential elector in 1860, and was Mayor of Newark for two years. He ran for Governor in 1865 against Marcus L. Ward, and was defeated. In 1873 he was appointed Chancellor, and was reappointed in 1880. Governor Abbett refused to reappoint him because he declined to take the stump while he held a judicial position.

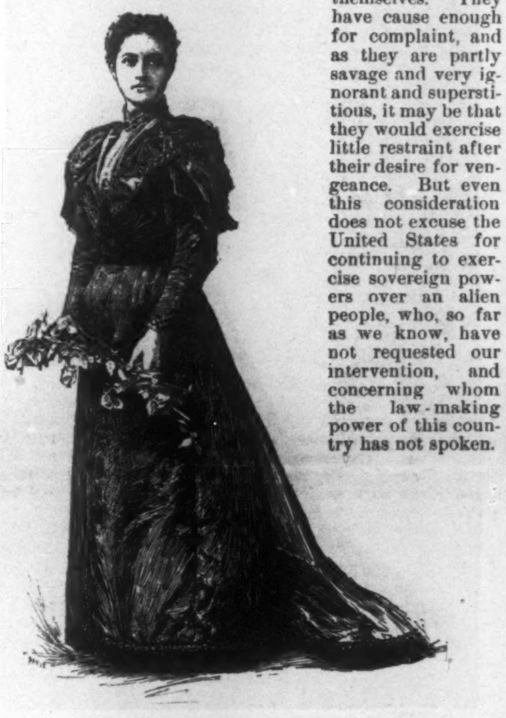
Mr. John E. Risley, the new Minister to Denmark, is not well known in this part of the country. He is a modest and successful lawyer, whose business has been rather that of a promoter of railroad interests in the West than in the regular line of his profession. In the course of years he has accumulated a fortune, and has reached a period of life when a little political distinction is welcome for the honor and the rest it brings. Mr. Risley has always been a Democrat, and has acted with the non-progressives, or the machine element. He is a brother-in-law of Senator Voorhees, having married Miss Voorhees. The Senator has always been his political guide and mentor, and Mr. Risley has therefore naturally been a friend and admirer of Governor Hill's. He was a candidate for United States District Attorney in 1885, but failed to secure the office. He also made an ineffectual attempt last autumn to obtain the nomination for Congress in the Westchester district. He is sent to Denmark at the request of his brother-in-law, and to gratify his own desire for an agreeable and not too laborious post. He is a native of Indiana, and is fifty years old. He came to New York immediately after the war, and has resided at Summit, New Jersey, and at New Rochelle, where his residence now is. He is a quiet man, very popular among his neighbors.



THE "CLAUDINE" LEAVING FOR SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 19th, WITH THE COMMISSIONERS ON BOARD.

THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

Hawaii is still under the protectorate of the United States. The proclamation creating this condition which was issued by Minister Stevens, and ratified by Secretary of State Foster, has not yet been recalled. The status, of course, is not legal. The executive power of this country has no right to assume responsibilities of this character except in great emergencies, and for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American citizens. There is no evidence that there is any such occasion for the exercise of sovereignty in Honolulu by this government. It may be that there is danger that the natives, most of whom are royalists, would be troublesome, and perhaps dangerous, if they were left to themselves. They have cause enough for complaint, and as they are partly savage and very ignorant and superstitious, it may be that they would exercise little restraint after their desire for vengeance. But even this consideration does not excuse the United States for continuing to exercise sovereign powers over an alien people, who, so far as we know, have not requested our intervention, and concerning whom the law-making power of this country has not spoken.

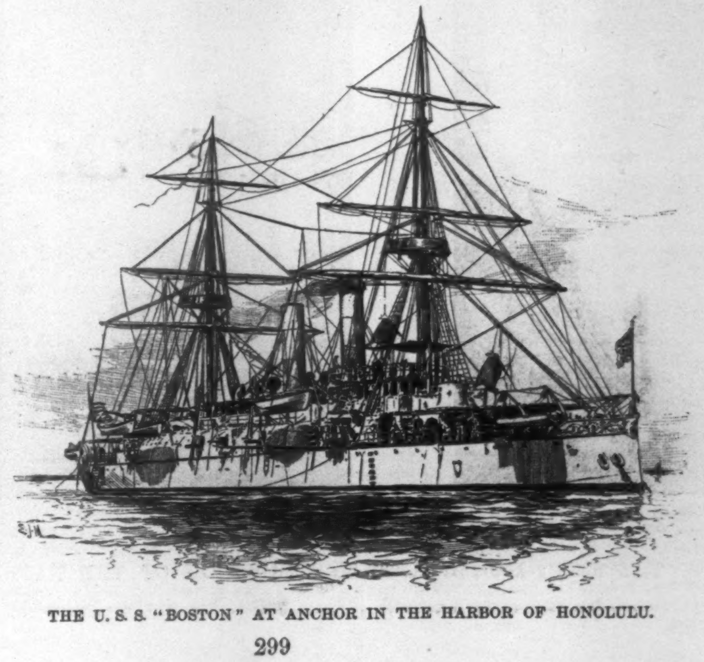


PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

If there is danger to be feared from the populace, there is plenty of force at hand for the protection of the whites and other foreigners. The United States government has in the harbor three war ships, two of them modern steel vessels carrying heavy ordnance; these are the *Boston* and the *Mohican*. The *Alliance* is an old-fashioned wooden corvette. The British have the *Garnet*, and the Japanese the *Kongo* and the *Naniwa*. Besides these ships, which doubtless carry full complements of crews and marines, the *Boston's* battalion of marines remains on shore, and forms in itself a sufficient army for the putting down of any native revolt that may break out. In addition, artillery has been landed, and there is an artillery company in camp which loses no opportunity to impress the natives by its drills. But there is no sign of an outbreak at the capital or anywhere in the islands.

The natives have protested against what they insist is an unjust usurpation of the rights and powers of the reigning family; but the Queen herself has asked the United States to pass upon the question between the monarchy and the provisional government, and doubtless she and her people recognize the advisability of preserving the *status quo* until Mr. Blount arrives and makes his investigation.

Meanwhile the Princess Kaiulani has sailed for England. And although a controversy has arisen as to her right of succession, it being claimed that the Hawaiian monarchy is elective, she has excited a good deal of sympathy, and plain people are wondering why the republic departs from its ancient traditions of fairness and justice in order to take away not only the powers of an unoffending royal family, but the territory of a friendly people. The patient waiting enforced by Mr. Cleveland's withdrawal of the treaty hastily negotiated in the closing hours of Mr. Harrison's administration has not strengthened the sentiment in favor of annexation.



THE U. S. S. "BOSTON" AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

"WARILY, BROTHERS."

"Shall we take Hawaii in, sirs?" that's the question of the day.
Would the speedy annexation of that dusky country pay?
Would the revenues from sugar and from smuggled opium
Counteract the heavy burdens that with them are sure to come?

With a coast-line undefended, such as ours is said to be,
Do we wish that line extended in that far-off western sea?
Do we wish to have the time come when the government will find
Small rebellions, revolutions, and such blessings on its mind?

Were the British folk to do it, as we now are asked to do,
Would the atmosphere we're breathing not become electric blue?
Would the crowd that now is clamoring for Sam to drain the cup
Not be holding all its hands in horror virtuously up?

As an epicure who dotes on dainty dinners and all that,
Richest foods and indigestibles, lean, medium, and fat,
Let a rhymester beg his Uncle Sam to make no undue haste
Lest he later find this sugared Sandwich salty to his taste.

Roger Camerden.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

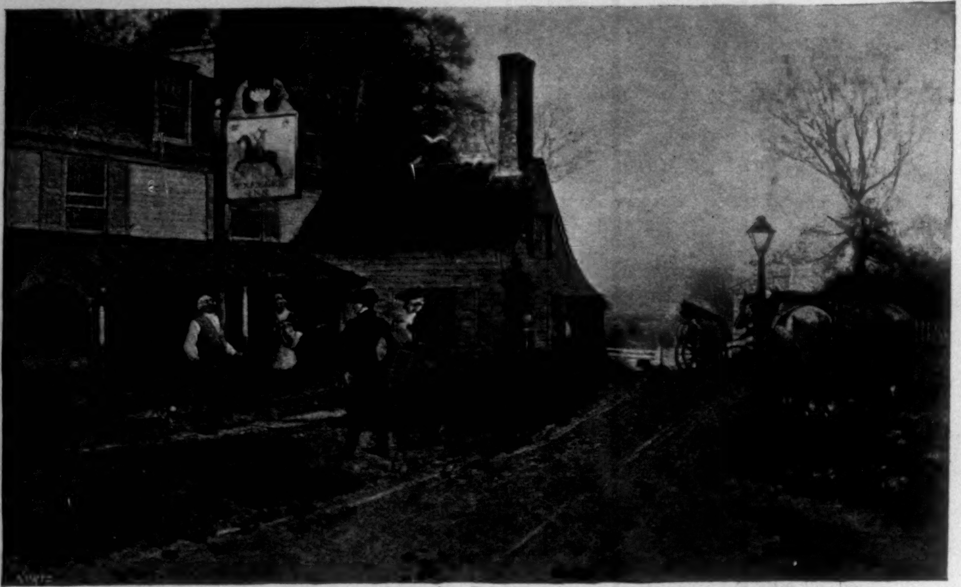
BY CHARLES DE KAY.

The path of the National Academy of Design is not strewn with flowers, though such might be supposed to be the case from the abundance of flower pieces at its exhibitions, more especially that which takes place in autumn. Its members are somewhat deaf to the persuasions of the reformer and the progressist, though younger rivals who keep in touch with changes flourish like the green bay. The artists who exhibit take so little interest in the prizes offered, that for the last three years it has been impossible to bring enough exhibitors to the polls to award the Hallgarten prizes. Indeed, one might suppose that the day of the Academy's usefulness were past, and the sooner it wound up its affairs the better.

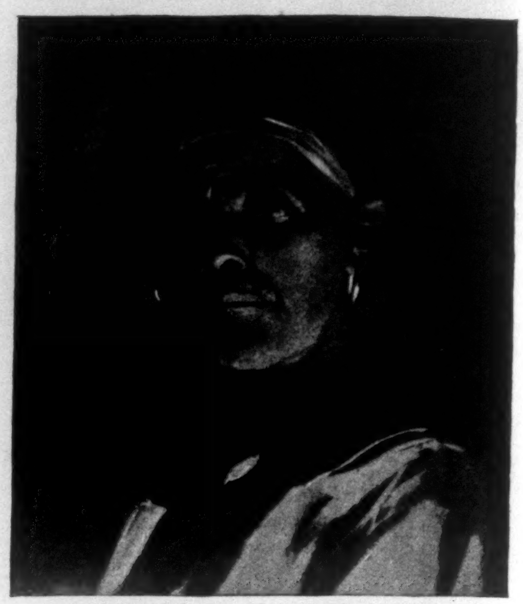
Such a supposition would be very far from the truth. The National Academy bears a charmed life. Like its prototype, the Royal Academy in London, a large part of its membership and the greater portion of its custom consist of persons who are not lightly swayed by caprice. They paint and buy on solid grounds of habit and æsthetic predilection. Not for them to run after the last fad in painting or sculpture! They pass the even tenor of their ways with a contented stolidity which they get along with their Dutch and English blood. You may call it philistinism if you like. But the result is the steady, constant holding upright of clubs, customs, and political institutions long after the more impatient spirits of a community have decreed that these clubs, these customs, these institutions are not only useless, but actually dead, buried, and forgot! No error could be greater than to suppose that the Academy of Design is in any way moribund.

These reflections come naturally to the surface while lounging in the galleries of the Academy and casting one's eyes about. This is the grand effort of the year for an old artistic club which has inherited from an age of more swelling phrase than ours the rather awkward adjective National. Although that term has gradually come to apply with less accuracy, the spring exhibition is still national in the sense that it attracts pictures from all parts of the Union. Not only are painters from different States constantly settling in New York, but the academy is the goal for the local workmen that stay afar. In the present exhibition several Canadians figure; Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Georgia, Virginia have representatives. Of course Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts are generously represented. This year the World's Fair has drawn off a good many artists, who might otherwise have exhibited; but a more potent reason for the absence from the spring exhibition of many of the stronger artists is the growth in New York, Boston, and other cities, of the one-man exhibit, concluding with sales at auction. So it comes about that the exhibition this year is comparatively poor in canvases and sculptures of mark. And yet the ordinary visitor would not be likely to note any difference, so many are the canvases which surpass the average.

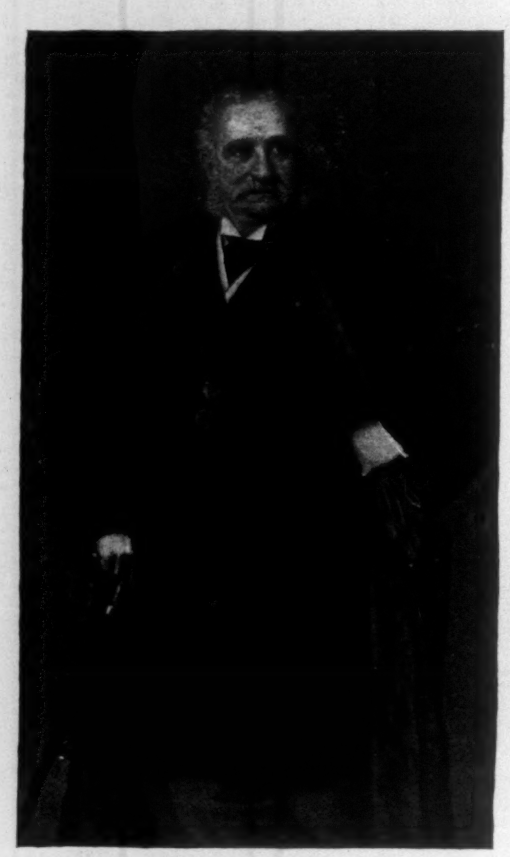
One of the brightest spots on the walls of the South Gallery is Robert Blum's "Ameya," an itinerant maker and seller of dolls and quaint figures in the streets of Japanese towns. He is in a blue and white dress, wears goggles, and is engaged in blowing some object through a pipe, while a crowd of nurse-maids and children beset his stand. Mr. Blum has tried to give a transcript from street life, with all its color; the various types and characters of a Japanese crowd of the sort are preserved. His superiority is seen when one compares "The Ameya" with pictures taken in



AN ARRIVAL AT THE INN, RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1790.—WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.



A VOUDOO.—ALFRED KAPPES.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

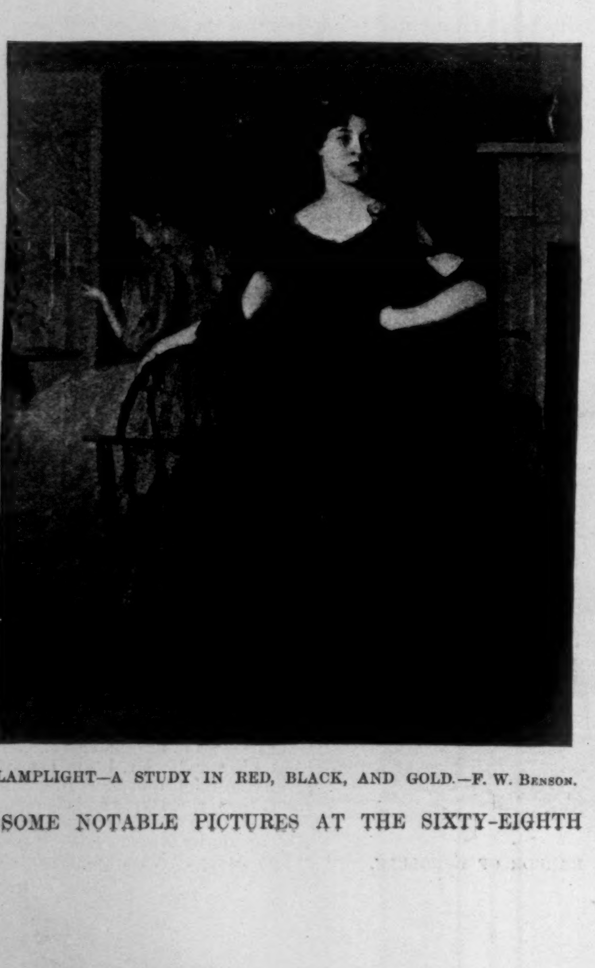
Yokohama by C. D. Weldon, A.N.A., like "Manor Born" and "Coaxing a Spark," each of which contains a little Japanese woman in brilliant toggery, and one of which has a Japanese baby. Mr. Weldon's Japanese seem built of *papier-maché*, while Mr. Blum's are living; the former gives elaborate, hard-painted figures; the latter, moving, alert human beings.

An exotic, yet a character in our own land, is painted by Alfred Kappes, A. N. A., in the bust given here in black and white—"A Voudoo," the likeness of a masculine-looking negress, whose yellow face is lit by the flames of the fire while magic is being brewed. As a piece of technical art the modelling of chin, mouth, and brow in the firelight is excellent, but the illustration cannot give the color of the reflections on the gold rings in the ears, or the bit of yellow turban through the hair, nor the sinister effect of the more than swarthy skin. Still nearer home is the lamplight group by Frank W. Benson, of Salem—No. 226 "Lamplight—Study in Red, Black, and Gold." A head in the rear is illuminated, but the chief figure half stands, half sits in the foreground, looking straight out of the picture. She is a young woman in a black dress, with dark hair and dark complexion, and is in the act of drawing about her shoulders a narrow wrap of bright red like a Canton silk scarf. The face, dress, and lighting suggest Spain—Fortuny, Ribera, perhaps the living Ribot of Paris—and the face is nicely modelled. Another picture, which is also given herewith, tells more of a story, and harks back to the end of the last century, when houses, men, and manners were colonial. Wordsworth Thompson, N. A., adds to the list of his revivals of last-century scenes "An Arrival at the Inn of Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1790." Two gentlemen in black, one old, the other with auburn locks, have arrived on horseback, and having tied their steeds and thrown saddlebags over their arms, have approached the old inn, where the innkeeper stands in long waistcoat and shirt sleeves, bidding them welcome with an easy and jovial gesture. Being men of experience, they are parleying for terms, and their discourse brings the black cook to the door of the kitchen in the extension, and the old wife of the innkeeper out on the porch. Horses, carriage, hostler, dog, and cat add life to the scene. It is afternoon, and the sunlight bathes the roof and trees behind the roof in soft color.

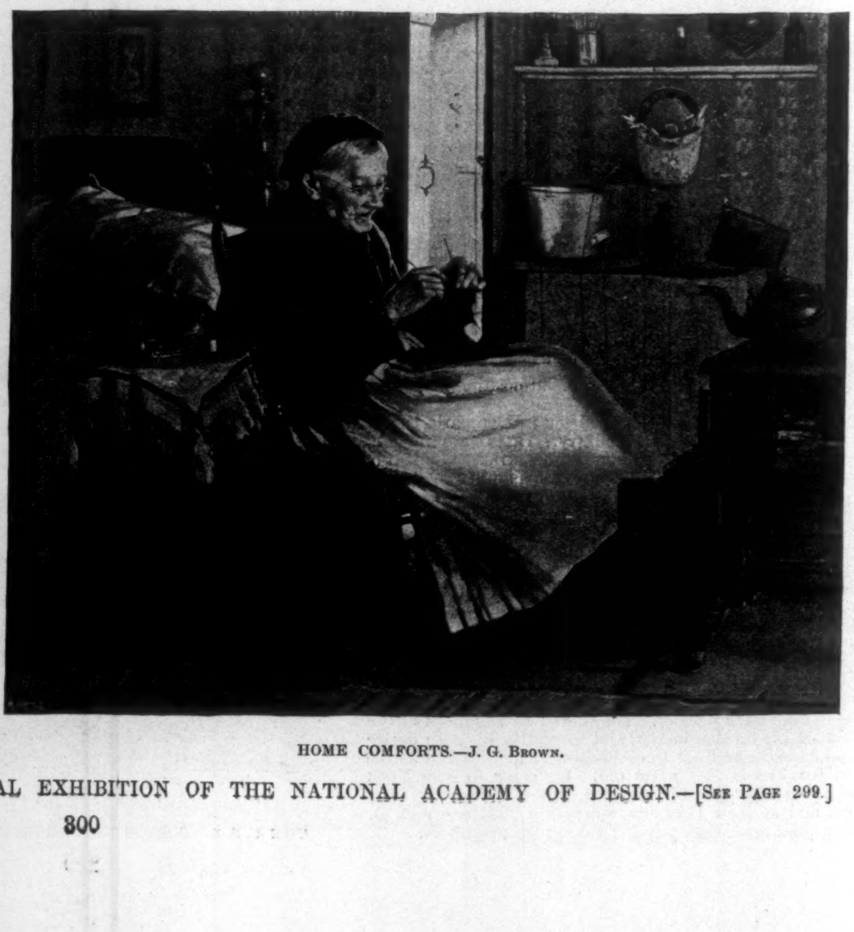
The fourth illustration is after a humble interior with old woman, painted by J. G. Brown, N. A., and called "Home Comforts." The old woman is of the cleanly, self-respecting farmer type with which Mr. Brown has made us all familiar. With her back to her comfortable bed, she sits in her chair, her feet touching the stove, and knits; her tea is simmering in an earthen teapot. This composition and the method of its painting lend themselves very well to black and white, so much so indeed that a first-class reproduction leaves very little to be desired. The same artist's "Rose Between Two Thorns" is the portrait of a waggish-looking white cur seated on a box between two smiling bootblacks. The cur has one ear cocked and the other down, and seems anxious to know what the next joke is to be. The boys are shiny-faced, but their shoes and trousers are more real than have been those of former bootblacks as depicted by Mr. Brown.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of a lady in black is simple in pose, firm and reflective in expression, dignified and restful. She is standing, but the feet are not seen. His portrait of a gentleman, here reproduced, is a likeness of Mr. Orson D. Munn, of the Union League Club, and while not so simple and straightforward a piece of work as the portrait of the lady in black, it has Mr. Johnson's solid qualities as a painter, especially the look of dignity and repose, which are qualities so much missed in many portraits far more cleverly wrought from the technical point of view.

There are many beautiful landscapes in the sixty-eighth annual exhibition by colorists like Homer D. Martin, Charles Melville Dewey, P. E. Rudell, J. B. Brevoort, J. Francis Murphy, H. W Ranger, Corwin Knapp Linson, and Leonard Ochtman, and by others who are not exactly that. Fine flower-pieces appear from Elliott Daingerfield ("Chrysanthemums"), Thomas Hovenden ("Peonies"), and C. K. Linson ("Purple and Gold"). A clever Indian scene from pagan times is Alfred Z. Baker's "The God of Silence," an idol and two worshippers in a decorated room of old Mexico. Julian Scott shows an Indian shepherdess marching before her flock, "A Song in the Desert—Going to the Corral, Arizona." Howard Russell Butler has a fine large landscape with soldiers from Mexico, "Rurales Crossing the Yantepec," with very good color, and a fine background of peaks touched with snow. "Under Fire," by Louis Moeller, is an attempt to paint ladies in a modern drawing-room, this artist having hitherto confined himself to German-Americans of the opposite sex. Among the portraits is a full length of Mr. John D. Jones, president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, by Daniel Huntingdon, formerly president of the academy. William M. Chase has a brilliant landscape from the Shinnecock Hills, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman a charming winter bit, "Winter Morning on the Hudson," with ice-floes in the water.

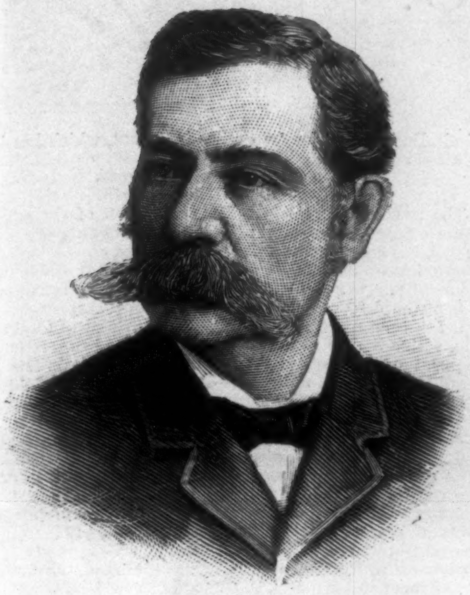


LAMPLIGHT—A STUDY IN RED, BLACK, AND GOLD.—F. W. BENSON.

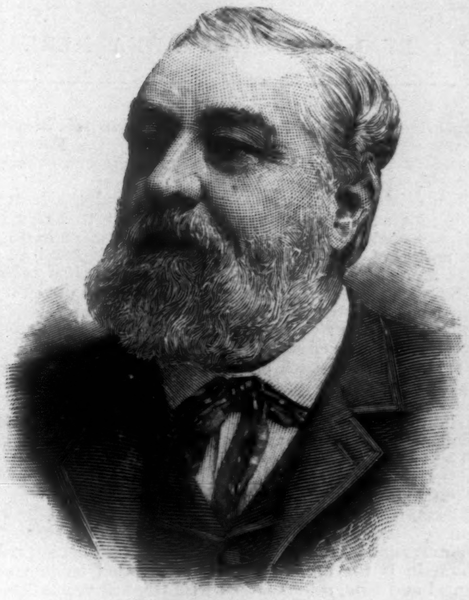


HOME COMFORTS.—J. G. BROWN.

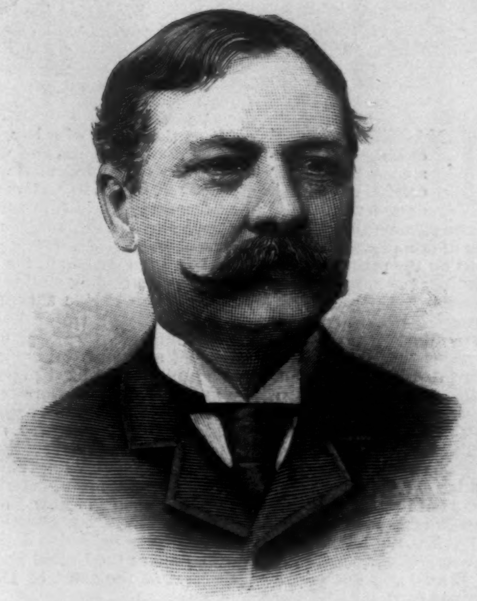
SOME NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



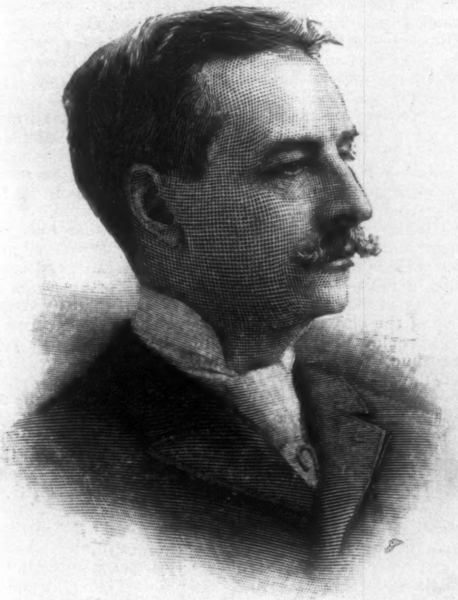
THE HON. THEODORE RUNYON,
United States Minister to Germany.—[See Page 299.]



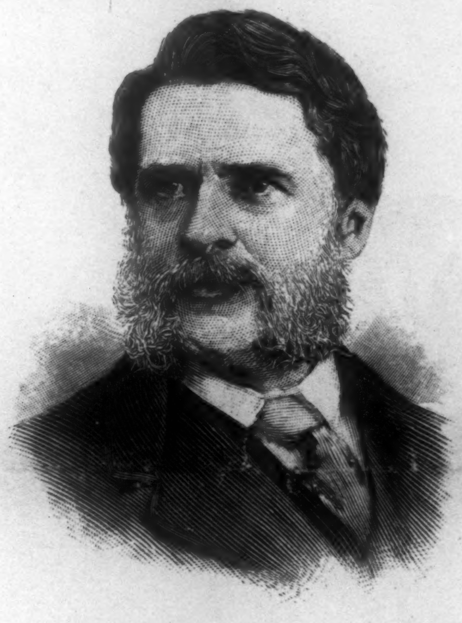
THE HON. JAMES B. EUSTIS,
United States Minister to France.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 299.]



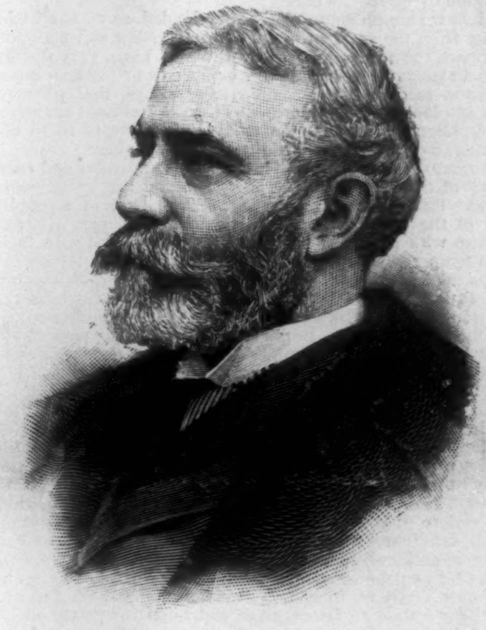
THE HON. JOHN E. RISLEY,
United States Minister to Denmark.—[See Page 299.]



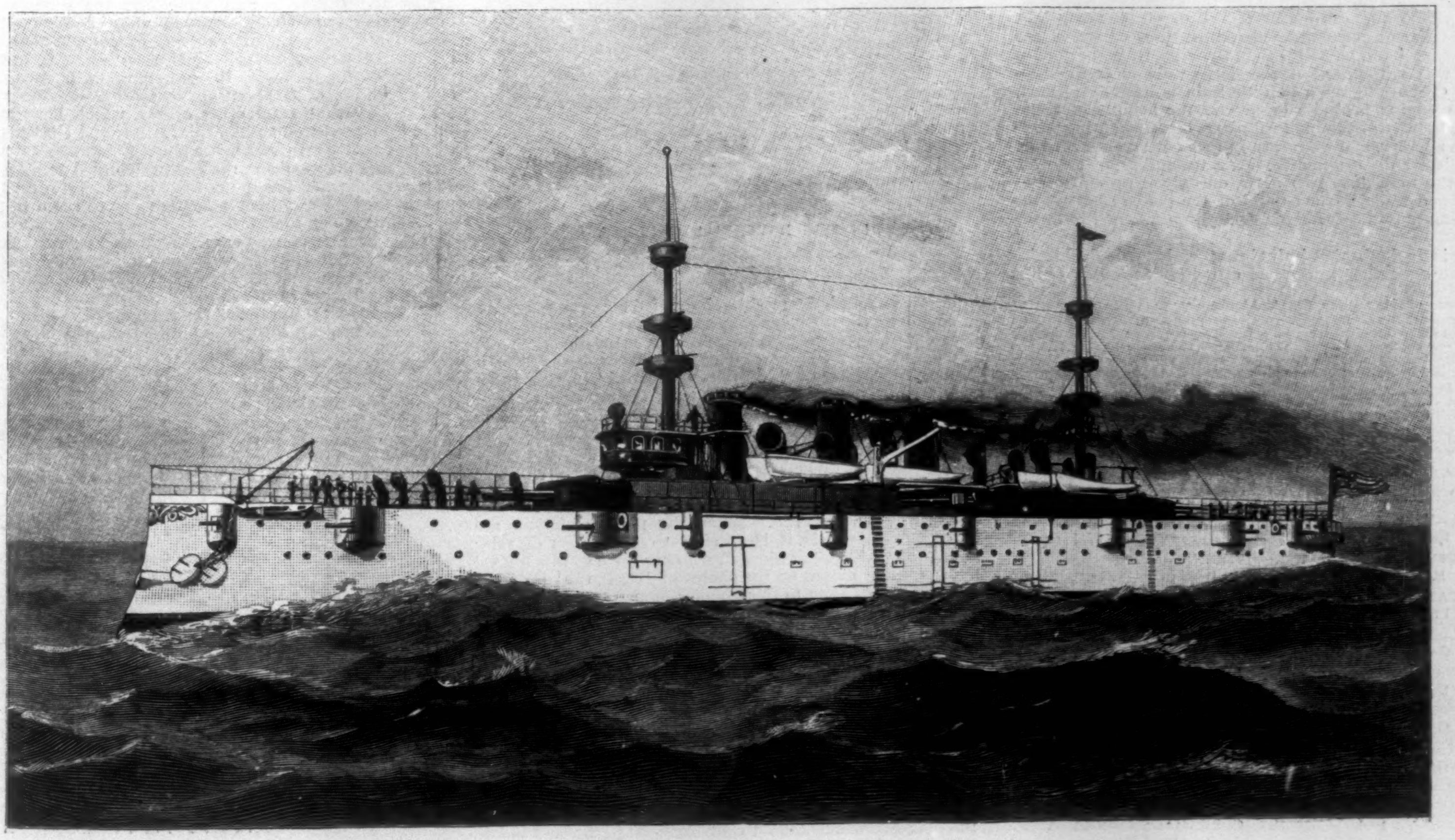
J. W. REINHART,
Recently elected President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.—[See Page 311.]



THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON,
As he appeared when in active Business.—[See Page 295.]



THE LATE COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.
[See Page 295.]



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK" ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY J. DE SANTA ANNA NERI.

IMAGINE a town rising from the shores of a bay, enclosing an anchorage of fifty square miles, and with a coast-line of some sixty miles round, indented with creeks, coves, and larger inlets, whilst its waters are dotted with isles and islets, amongst which ply great ocean steamers, merchant vessels, yachts, barges, and all manner of other crafts laden with passengers; a safe and sheltered port on the main route for travellers, whether bound for the south or the north, the east or the west; a coaling station for vessels on their way to La Plata or the Pacific shores of America, to Australia or to New Zealand; a tropical site, overlooked by mountain beyond mountain, now rugged, now forest-clad, but all alike picturesque; a commercial emporium full of life and motion, with a highly civilized population, although it is but a few miles from virgin forests; a mart from which millions of bags of coffee are exported, yet one in which the arts and literature are cultivated, and politics are eagerly studied; a town not unlike Byzantium, as irregular as some city of antiquity, as noisy as a Yankee settlement; now thronged with busy crowds, now apparently wrapped in torpor; in a word, Rio de Janeiro is New York, San Francisco, and Paris in one.

Such is the heroic and loyal city of São Sebastião de Rio Janeiro, federal capital of the Republic of the United States of Brazil, and but yesterday the seat of the court of Dom Pedro II. Let us land and look about us.

We come from Paris, having embarked at Bordeaux, or rather at Pauillac, on one of the new steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Company, a floating palace, one blaze of gilding, and provided throughout with electric light. We touched at Lisbon *en route*, and that has made us even better able to appreciate Rio.

Here we are on shore. We have landed, as must all who come from the sea, in the most uninteresting and malodorous part, the commercial quarter, which has a very disillusioning effect upon any one who expected an American town. Narrow tortuous streets, uninviting alleys, low poverty-stricken-looking houses, crowded together without character or architectural style—the whole suggestive of some old Portuguese town removed to another hemisphere.

Amongst the noise of the whistles of the drivers and rumbling of the tram-cars, and jostled as you are by shouting porters laden with merchandise, you wonder how a people, full of the vigor of youth and enamored of progress, can put up with a state of things so little in accord with their own temperament or the climate of their country, with the absence of all the comforts of modern science, an absence but little atoned for by the busy traffic; everywhere the constant hurrying to and fro of eager men of business, and the medley of coloring in the complexions of the passers-by, every variety of complexion occurring, from ebony-black to purest white, with intermediate shades of red, bistre, light and dark brown.

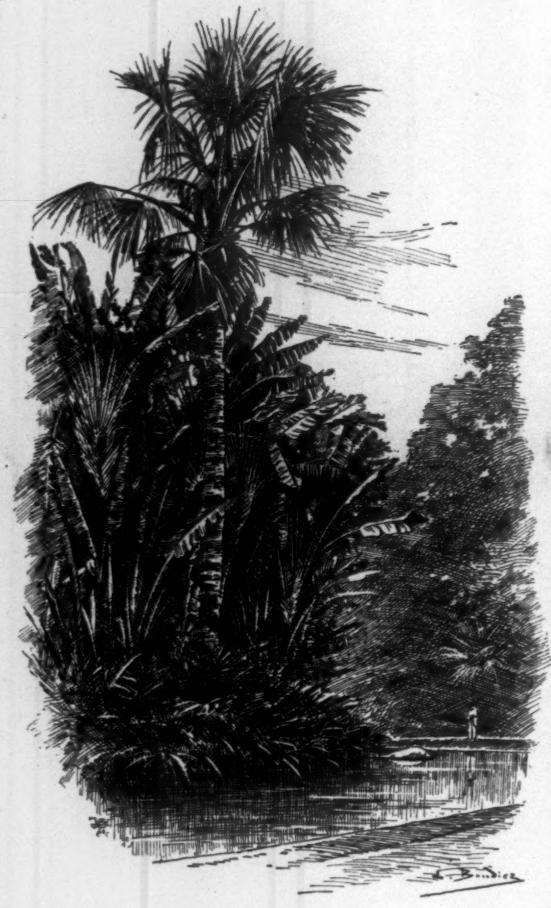
An effort of memory is required for us to realize that we are in what was once a Portuguese colony, which, in spite of the lapse of time and the changes it has brought about, still retains a certain pronounced resemblance to its parent, the former metropolis. And this effort made, you will hear that Portuguese is being spoken about you, a softened, languorous variety of Portuguese, and you will at last realize how much difference of latitude necessarily affects European manners and customs.

But let us penetrate further into the town. Let us go to the new quarters, to Cattele, to Botofogo, where Darwin lived for a time, to Larangerias, and to all the pretty outlying suburbs. Here we can breathe more freely, and are amongst evidences of quite a different stage of civilization. Here are bright snow-white villas, with gardens in which, without any care bestowed on them, grow a luxuriance of wide-girthed stately palms, prickly cacti, and slim bamboos; in a word, of all the grand and beautiful flora peculiar to a tropic zone. Whether we go to the Botanical Gardens, with their world-famous avenue of palms, or climb the height of Tijuca, the primeval forests and cascades of which are perhaps even more beautiful than the view from the top, or whether we risk the perils of the zigzag railway, on the steep sides of Corcovado, up which the train is literally pushed, with the engine behind,[*] or ascend the heights of Santa Theresa, by way of the inclined plane, one enchanting scene succeeds another, and we return in love once more with Rio, and admitting the originality, if not the utility, of the division of the town into two parts, one given up entirely to business and trade, a true capital of the coffee country, the other admirably fitted for the *dolce far niente* of life in the tropics.

There is no doubt that in its beautiful bay Rio de Janeiro owns one altogether unrivalled attraction; for this bay is larger than that of Naples, and grander than the Bosporus. It was discovered on January 1, 1502, by the Portuguese navigator Andréa Gonçales, and the great Amerigo Vespucci himself.

The celebrated Florentine pilot who had the honor of giving his name to the New World was the first of a long series of explorers who have vied with each other in singing the praises of the beautiful districts of South America. In 1504, at an epoch when, to quote a once famous *bon-mot*, "Every one, even tailors, must go forth to the discovery of new lands," Vespucci, dazzled with the glorious scenes he had witnessed, wrote a letter in which occurs a sentence revealing the enthusiasm with which he was imbued. "If," he said, "there be such a thing as a terrestrial paradise, it cannot be far from these scenes." And if we could have asked the opinion of Paulmier de Gonneville, who touched at Rio in the same year (1504), no doubt the mariner from Honfleur would have confirmed the high praises of Vespucci.

The bay of Rio Janeiro is protected by two outpost sentinels, the fort of Santa Cruz, and the celebrated Sugar-loaf Mountain, a mass of granite more than 1100 feet above the sea-level, which the French, however, called the Pot de Beurre, "because," as Jean de Léry quaintly says, "of its roundness and its resemblance to a tower." This Sugar-loaf Mountain is the first of a chain of serrated heights, some rugged and bare, some clothed with tropical vegetation, encircling the town, and forming a background to the varied scene. If we arrive on one of the clear bright days, of which there are so many in these latitudes, we first perceive, of a deeper blue than the sky itself, against which it rises up in strong relief, the mighty chain of the Organ range, so called on account of the resemblance of its peaks to the pipes of an organ. Amongst these peaks the most remarkable is that called the "Finger of God," from its likeness to a gigantic finger. On the left rises the Corcovado, or Hunchback, some 2140 feet high, from the summit of which, reached by the railway described above, a magnificent view is obtained; whilst beyond it is the Parrot's Beak, overlooking the Tijuca chain, a romantic retreat of the people of Rio, dotted with poetic-looking villas. The Tijuca Mountains serve yet another purpose, for, like the summit of the Superga, at Turin, they are the barometer of sailors and of the common people of Rio. When the peaks of Tijuca are covered with clouds, it is an almost certain sign of rain; and Admiral Mouchez himself, who has done so much good hydrographical work on the shores of Brazil, does not hesitate to call attention to this phenomenon.



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

The bay of Rio de Janeiro extends seventeen miles inland. It has a coast-line of sixty miles, and its greatest breadth is twelve miles; but it does not look as large as it really is, on account of its being cut in half by the reef known as the Lage, on which a fortress has been erected. Vessels from Europe enter the bay by the wider of the two channels, which is some 600 feet across, and 160 feet deep. The bay is dotted with about eighty islands and islets, which look like so many bunches of flowers flung down by the caprice of an artist.

Some of these islands are celebrated, notably that of the *Governador*, or Governor, which is about six miles long by three across, where John VI. of Portugal performed his devotions, and Dom Pedro I. sought recreation from the cares of state; and the much smaller, but prettiest and brightest of all, Paqueta, scarce two miles in extent, which has been so often sung by Brazilian poets:

> "A linda Paqueta, delicia, orgulho
> De tua capital, do Brazi todo!"

The so-called Fiscal Island is the station of the custom-house officers. Here a Gothic building, looking just like a chapel, has been fitted up for their use, and on another of the group, known as the Isle of Flowers, is an admirable establishment, now being enlarged, for the reception of immigrants. When completed, 3500 can be received in it at a time.

It has been remarked that the general shape of the bay of Rio, which is that of a triangle of unequal sides, resembles the configuration of the whole country of Brazil. Its geographical position, moreover—it is in S. lat. 22° 54′ 24″—enables the observer to see the sun, in its daily course, describe arcs in planes perpendicular to the major axis of the bay, in such a manner that, thanks to the usual transparency and purity of the atmosphere, the most marvellous combinations of color are produced at sunrise and sunset, in which every prismatic hue is reflected from shore to shore in the waters of the bay; whilst the Sugar-loaf Mountain at the southern extremity, and but little removed as it is from the austral tropic, marks the limit beyond which, as one of the writers on this part of the world has observed, the sun cannot advance in his march southwards.

There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents an altogether different appearance; the summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisured classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theresopolis, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay. The town becomes a perfect caldron; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an institution to which the Fluminenses, or river folk,[*] are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is a united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters, Rome and Venice.

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are societies for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open-air review of the chief events of the preceding year. In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established, the old customs are kept up, and the men of the revolution are spared no more than were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio.

In the winter—the European spring and summer—Rio de Janeiro is a charming place of residence. At the principal theatres good pieces are played by troupes of native or foreign artists—now Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, now Giovanni Emanuel, and the Duse-Checchi or Tamagno, and the Borghi-Mamo, with other celebrities, appear, being greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and applauded as eagerly as on this side of the ocean, perhaps even with a spice of tropical fervor unknown in our more temperate zone. The balls at the Casino, managed by a club to which all the hidalgos and chief citizens of Rio once belonged, are very select, and alternate with parties in private houses and concerts.

Few people love melody more than the Brazilians, and music, poetry, and elocution are all alike eagerly cultivated. Some few Brazilian composers and executants have indeed become celebrated beyond their own country, and very proudly do the people of the new republic boast of Carlos Gomez, author of *Il Guarany*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Fosca*, *Maria Tudor*, *Lo Schiavo*, and other operas, which have most of them been produced at La Scala, Milan, and elsewhere, and of other native artists of lesser note.

The Rua d'Ouvidor is the most celebrated street of Rio. It is very narrow, but the passage of vehicles is prohibited, so that the beaux and belles have plenty of room to promenade, showing off their fashionable costumes or pausing for a friendly chat, forming brilliant animated groups which no *sergent de ville* breaks up with the familiar "Circulez, messieurs," of Paris. This Bond Street of Rio is lined with handsome shops; in it are a few of the most fashionable cafés, and from it are issued the chief newspapers.[†]

Like all seaports, Rio de Janeiro has a large foreign population. The town, properly so called, certainly has, in a total of 500,000 inhabitants, 100,000 strangers, of whom 70,000 are Portuguese. There are now perhaps 2000 or 3000 French, but at one time their numbers were far higher, and the French colony monopolized nearly all the trade in luxuries. The competition of Portuguese and Italians has of late years lessened this proportion, but in walking through the town it is still easy to recognize the shops kept by Frenchmen, so

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[*] *À propos* of this railway, Ch. A. Atchison says: "It is of somewhat peculiar construction. Between the wheel-rails is a barred eight-inch ratchet, into which a cogged wheel beneath the engine fits. In this way a grip is got sufficient to push the train up the steep incline.... The road is circuitous, making a two-mile journey of the distance, which, measured as height, is but 2400 feet. Some 600 feet from the bottom you cross the first bridge, a red slender-looking iron thing bridging a chasm of 600 feet.... At Paneiras you change trains; a second train takes you to the summit.... The line traverses the very edge of a precipice 1700 feet sheer down...."—*A Winter Cruise in Summer Seas*, p. 246.

[*] Rio de Janeiro means literally the river of January, hence the name Fluminenses as applied to its inhabitants. The bay was discovered on January 1st, and was at first taken for a river, running up as it does so far into the land.—Trans.

[†] James W. Wells thus describes the frequenters of this street: "The Rua d'Ouvidor varies in its frequenters during the different hours of the day. In the early morning there are few to be seen; the shops open; shop boys and men are busy spreading their wares for the day; a few laborers pass; or maybe a milch-cow and calf accompanied by a man, who milks the cow at the door of his customer, and perhaps at the same time surreptitiously milks a bag of water he may have stowed away under his coat.

"From early morning the tram-cars quickly arrive, three at a time, but from eight to ten they commence to disgorge their loads of clerks and merchants coming from the suburbs, then the street fills with the hurrying crowd, with perhaps a very few ladies; from ten to eleven arrive the black coats and top-hats of Brazilian officials and employés in the public offices. After that hour ladies principally have their turn, coming in for shopping. All day the cars arrive and go away filled. About three the black coats and hats congregate about 'Casteloes' (the confectioner's), at the tram-car corner, and in various shop doors, and discuss with many a lively gesticulation and excited manner the day's politics—the nearly always absorbing topic. At four the crowds of merchants and clerks return, they in their turn stopping for a chat or an inquiry for the latest European telegrams, or an abuse of Mr. Gladstone, or maybe a visit to No. 105 to try to quench their insatiable thirst, the married men being easily recognized by their loads of bundles and packages."—*Three Thousand Miles through Brazil*, pp. 14 and 15.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837.
By François Coppée.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841.
By E. Melchior de Vogüé.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846.
By Pierre Loti.
ROME.—No. 1850.
By Gaston Boissier.
GENEVA.—No. 1856.
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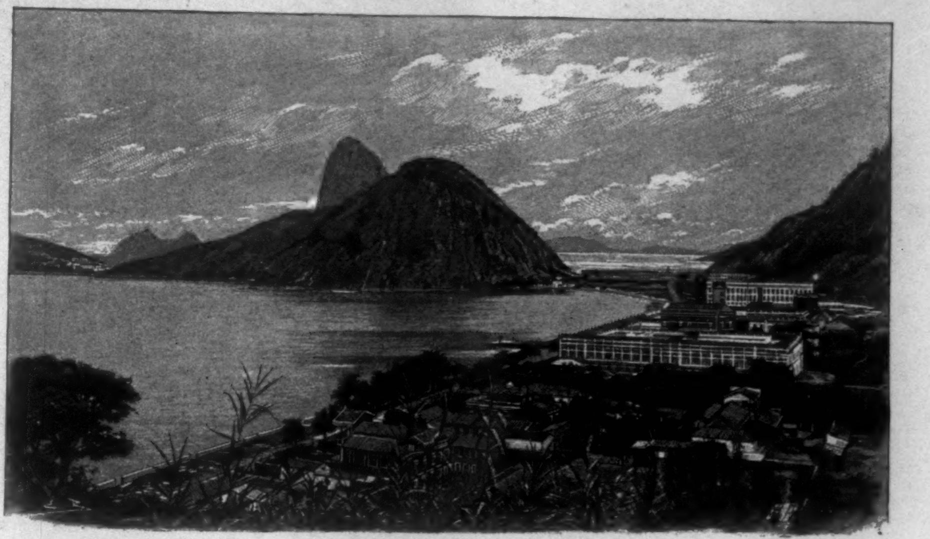
By Auguste Génin.
CHRISTIANIA.—No. 1873.
By Harald Hansen.
ALGIERS.—No. 1874.
By Maurice Wahl.
WASHINGTON.—No. 1875.
By Henry Loomis Nelson.
BRUSSELS.—No. 1883.
By Camille Lemonnier.
BUCHAREST.—No. 1885.
By Carmen Sylva.
COPENHAGEN.—No. 1888.
By André Michel.
MADRID.—No. 1890. By Emilio Castelar.

much more tastily arranged than elsewhere are the goods displayed for sale in the windows.

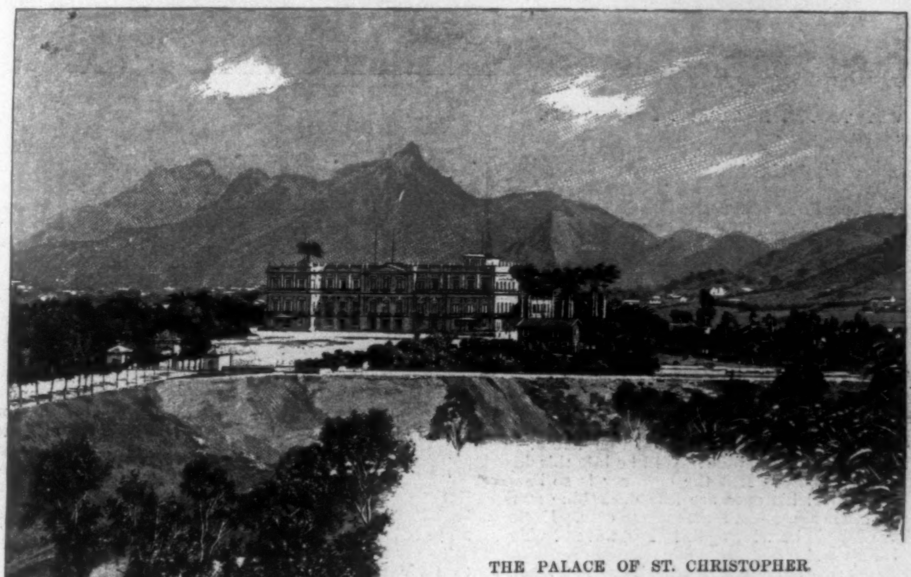
French influence is also considerable in more important matters. The educated Brazilian reads and speaks French, follows French fashions, wants to know all that is going on in France, applauds Portuguese translations of French plays at the theatre, and is well up in every detail of French politics. Really, in Rio one seems nearer to Paris than when in Brittany, and the republic has carried enthusiasm so far as to make July 14th a national fête, and perhaps when the worthy Fluminense citizen hears the "Marseillaise" he fancies that his ancestors took part in the taking of the Bastille Saint Antoine.

One of the first things to strike a new arrival at Rio is the immense number of tramways, the cars on which are called *bonds*, because the opening of the first line coincided with an issue of bonds. These *bonds*, which are mostly open cars, are drawn by mules, and start from nearly every corner of the Rua d'Ouvidor. They are all crowded with passengers, and take up a great many more than there are seats for, others clustering on the foot-boards, clinging to straps, as the car dashes along to the noise of the conductor's whistle.



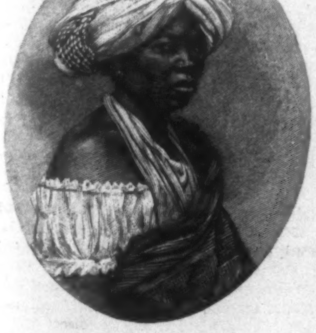
THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

It is estimated that some 120,000 passengers daily use the tramways. On many of the lines the cars run all night, and you can go from end to end of the city at any time you like. Everybody uses the *bonds*, and it is no rare thing to see ladies in them in full evening dress on their way to some ball or soirée. On some lines there are special cars for luggage, in which respect Rio is in advance of London and Paris.



THE PALACE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

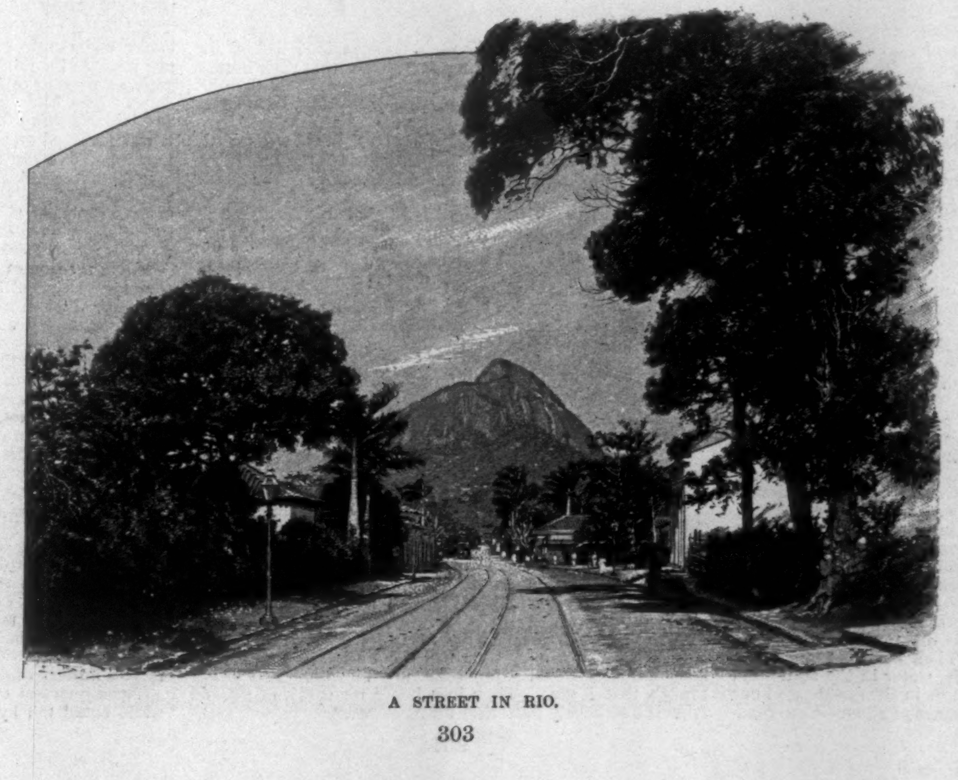
Every one who stops at Rio, if only for a few hours, is bound to go by tram-car from the Rua Gonçalves-Diaz to the Botanical Gardens, by way of Botafogo, and no trip could be more interesting or better calculated to give a stranger an idea of the ways of the country. Itinerant venders storm the cars, pressing their wares on the passengers. Some, chiefly lively little Italians, shriek out the names of the daily papers—*A Gazeta de Noticias, o Jornal do Brazil, o Paiz, a Gazeta da Tarde, a Cidade do Rio, o Brazil, o Diario do Commercio*, etc.—others, usually men of color, offer bonbons and cakes to the ladies in a hopelessly incomprehensible jargon—*Balas, sinha!* whilst flower-sellers march solemnly along with cut flowers for sale fastened to little sticks.



A MINA NEGRESS.

Railways connect Rio with the neighboring states of Minas-Geraes and San Paulo, and steamers, like the *Bateaux-Mouches* and *Hirondelles* of the Seine, ply between the city and Praia Grande or Nictheroy, which is the real capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro, Rio itself being only the federal capital, belonging to no state in particular, and in this respect resembling Washington in the United States. Moreover, the new republican constitution, inaugurated on February 24, 1891, as it has added to the union a vast district on the central plateau of Brazil, will probably lead to the foundation of a new inland federal capital. But it will be some time before this comes about; and even if Rio de Janeiro loses its crown as a capital, it will ever remain the first maritime emporium of South America.

Rio is not only well supplied with tramways, it has also an admirable system of telephones, which has been in full working order since 1880, before this new mode of communication was introduced even in Paris.

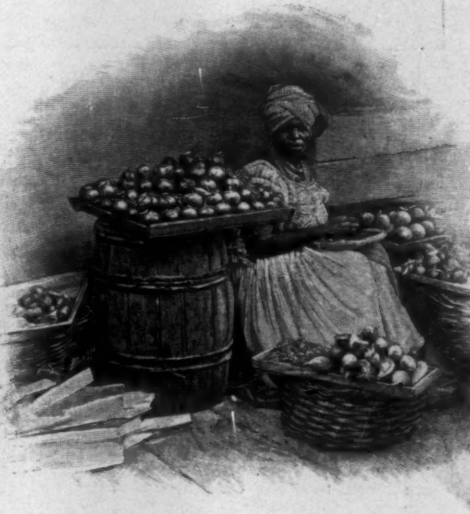


A STREET IN RIO.

Some idea will be formed of the amount of traffic in Rio when it is stated that it is a harbor of the first class, and that on an average 5000 steamers and other vessels touch at it every year. In its small stuffy warehouses millions of sacks of coffee are accumulated in the course of every twelve months—in fact, Rio is the chief coffee mart in the whole world.

There are several well-edited daily papers which have a wide circulation. Chief of these is the *Jornal do Commercio*, founded in 1821 by a Frenchman, and carried on by a group of his fellow-countrymen and their descendants. This paper has now become the largest issued in any country occupied by Latin races. It was recently sold to a new company for the trifling sum of nine million francs. Two French periodical publications are also issued at Rio, the *Etoile du Sud* and the *Brésil Républicain*.

In describing Rio it will not do to omit all reference to the yellow fever, which is the great dread of all foreign visitors. It is a malady imported from abroad, and appeared in Brazil in 1849, having been introduced by a vessel hailing from New Orleans. Since then, as is the case in all endemic affections, its periodic appearances have been marked by less and less virulence, and Dr. Domingos Freire claims to have discovered a mode of inoculation with the attenuated virus of the disease which is a preservative against its attacks. It really seems to have been beneficial in many cases. According to official statistics, the yellow fever has carried off nearly 28,000 persons in thirty-five years, being an average of 800 per annum, which seems to prove that it is not so much a terrible malady as a malady with a terrible reputation.*



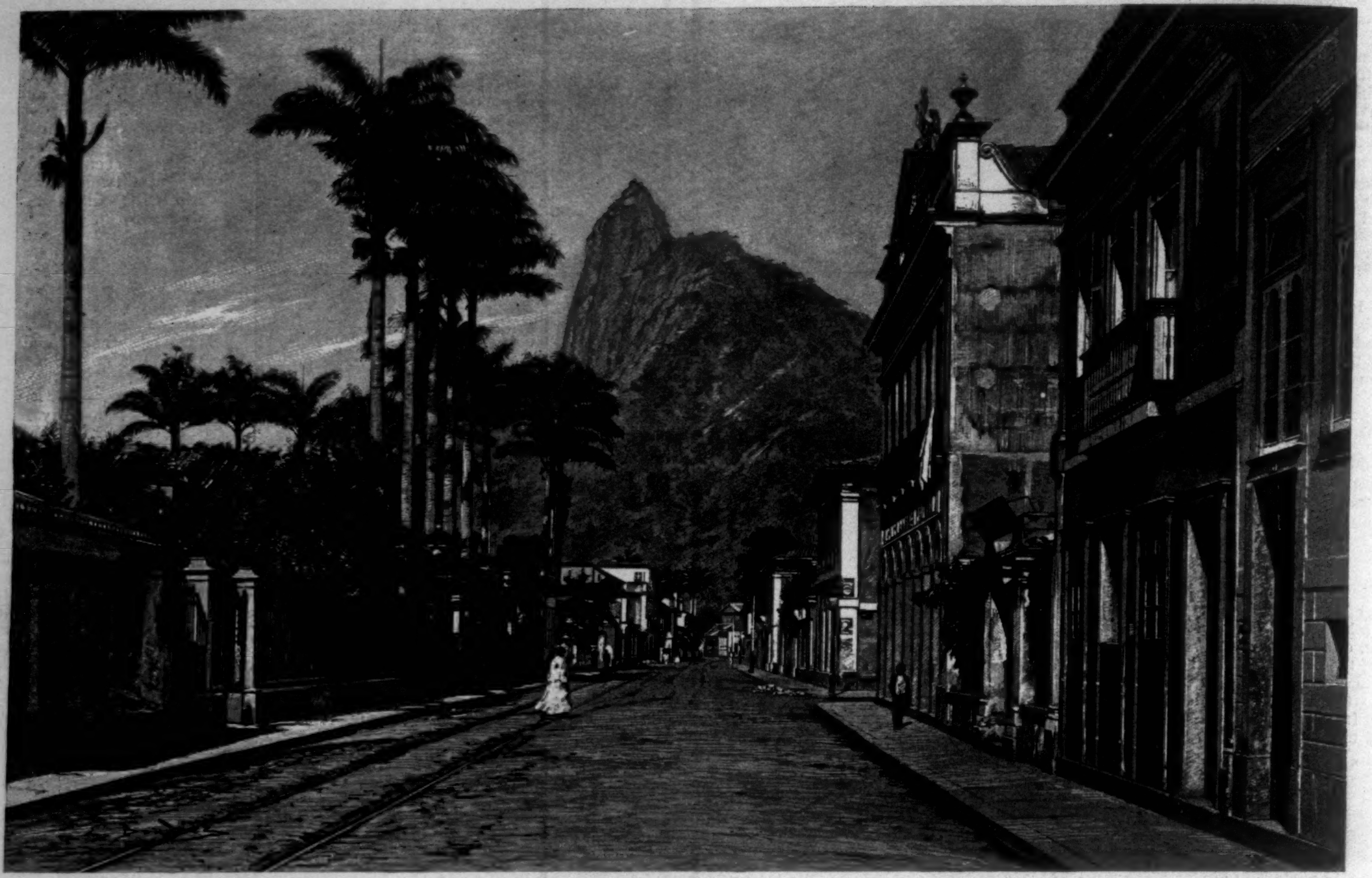
A FRUIT-SELLER.

The climate of Rio is far from deserving the bad reputation given to it by some travellers—birds of passage who, though they incurred no danger, like to pose as martyrs on their return home. "Every night and morning," says Rear-Admiral Mouchez,† "Rio is visited by variable winds which sweep down from the neighboring mountains, and extend three or four leagues along the coast. These winds vary, according to the locality, from northeast to northwest, and are sometimes very fresh; they abate in the morning, and about ten o'clock there may be a calm; then about eleven or half past the wind from the offing comes gently into the bay, at first a soft breeze, its course marked by gentle ripples on the surface of the sea, but gradually gaining force as the day advances, to fall again at sunset. This is what is known as the Viraçao, and it never fails to come except in bad weather. Bad weather and high winds are extremely rare at Rio, and hurricanes are quite unknown."

But in spite of all that can be said, there are still some people who think that yellow fever lurks in every creek of the Bay of Rio, and that rattlesnakes watch for the passer-by at every street corner. Not many years ago a celebrated French surgeon landed at Rio with his family, and put up in one of the aristocratic quarters of the town. On the day of his arrival a friend of ours went to invite the son of this surgeon to go for a drive with him, and when the carriage

* The translator feels bound to give the author's own words here; but surely the relations of the 800 persons needlessly sacrificed per annum were justified in considering yellow fever a terrible malady!

† *Instructions nautiques sur les côtes de Brésil*, Paris, 1890.



ON THE WAY TO THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, RIO.

drove up we heard the mother of the young fellow cry to him, in tender anxiety, "Keep out of the way of the rattlesnakes, dear boy!"

No matter what they say, however, if you are in the mood for a trip, and are tired with a commonplace excursion into Switzerland, if in the height of summer you long for the breezes of the open sea, think of Rio de Janeiro. With 3000 francs to spare you can take the most delightful voyage imaginable. You will reach Rio from Bordeaux in two months and a half; you can live in the capital of Brazil for one long delightful month; you will return home happy with the knowledge that you have made acquaintance with the most beautiful town of South America, and may exclaim with the old French traveller of the sixteenth century:

"O Seigneur Dieu, que vos œuvres divers
Sont merveilleux dans le monde univers!" *

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* Was not the old French traveller in his turn quoting from the Psalms of David: "O Lord God, how wonderful are Thy works in all the world!"?—TRANS.

THE PEARLS OF LORETO.

I.

WITHIN memory of most gnarled and coffee-colored Montereños never had been so exciting a race day. All essential conditions seemed to have consulted together and agreed to combine. Not a wreath of fog floated across the bay to dim the sparkling air. Every horse, every vaquero, was alert and physically perfect. The rains were over; the dust was not gathered. Pio Pico, Governor of the Californias, was in Monterey on one of his brief, infrequent visits. Clad in black velvet, covered with jewels and ropes of gold, he sat on his big chestnut horse at the upper end of the field, with General Castro, Doña Modeste Castro, and other prominent Montereños. His interest was so keen that more than once the official dignity relaxed, and he shouted "Bravo!" with the rest, thereby increasing the excitement of the fire-blooded Californians.

And what a brilliant sight it was! The flowers had faded on the hills, for June was upon them; but gayer than the hills had been was the race-field of Monterey. Caballeros, with silver on their wide gray hats and on their saddles of richly embossed leather, gold and silver embroidery on their velvet serapes, crimson sashes about their slender waists, silver spurs and buckskin botas, stood tensely in their stirrups as the racers flew by, or during the short intervals pressed each other with eager wagers. There was little money at that time. The golden skeleton within the sleeping body of California had not yet been laid bare. But ranchos were lost and won; thousands of cattle would pass to other hands at the next rodeo; many a superbly caparisoned steed would rear and plunge between the spurs of a new master.

And caballeros were not the only living pictures of that memorable day of a time forever gone. Beautiful women in silken fluttering gowns, bright flowers holding the mantillas from their flushed awakened faces, sat their impatient horses as easily as foam rides a wave. The sun beat down, making dark cheeks pink and white cheeks darker; but those great eyes, strong with their own fires, never faltered. The old women in attendance grumbled vague remonstrances at all things, from the heat to intercepted coquetries. But their charges gave the good dueñas little heed. They shouted until their little throats were hoarse, smashed their fans, beat the sides of their mounts with their tender hands, in imitation of the vaqueros.

"It is the gayest, the happiest, the most careless life in the world," thought Pio Pico, shutting his teeth, as he looked about him. "But how long will it last? Curse the Americans! They are coming."

But the bright hot spark that convulsed assembled Monterey shot from no ordinary condition. A stranger was there, a guest of General Castro, Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga, of Los Angeles. Not that a stranger was matter for comment in Monterey, capital of California, but this stranger had brought with him horses which threatened to disgrace the famous winners of the North. Two races already had been won by the black Southern beasts.

"God of my soul!" cried the girls, one to the other, "their coats are blacker than our hair! Their nostrils pulse like a heart on fire! Their eyes flash like water in the sun! Ay! the handsome stranger, will he roll us in the dust? Ay! our golden horses, with the tails and manes of silver—how beautiful is the contrast with the vaqueros in their black and silver, their soft white linen! The shame! the shame!—if they are put to shame! Poor Guido! Will he lose this day, when he has won so many? But the stranger is so handsome! God of my life! his eyes are like dark blue stars. And he is so cold! He alone—he seems not to care. Mother of God! Mother of God! he wins again! No! no! no! Yes! Ay! yi! yi! B-r-a-v-o!"

Guido Cabañares dug his spurs into his horse and dashed to the head of the field, where Don Vicente sat at the left of General Castro. He was followed hotly by several friends, sympathetic and indignant. As he rode, he tore off his serape and flung it to the ground; even his silk riding-clothes sat heavily upon his fury. Don Vicente smiled, and rode forward to meet him.

"At your service, señor," he said, lifting his sombrero.

"Take your mustang back to Los Angeles!" cried Don Guido, beside himself with rage, the politeness and dignity of his race routed by passion. "Why do you bring your hideous brutes here to shame me in the eyes of Monterey? Why—"

"Yes! Why? Why?" demanded his friends, surrounding De la Vega. "This is not the humiliation of a man, but of the North by the accursed South! You would even take our capital from us! Los Angeles, the capital of the Californias!"

"What have politics to do with horse-racing?" asked De la Vega, coldly. "Other strangers have brought their horses to your field, I suppose."

"Yes, but they have not won. They have not been from the South."

By this time almost every caballero on the field was wheeling about De la Vega. Some felt with Cabañares, others rejoiced in his defeat, but all resented the victory of the South over the North.

"Will you run again?" demanded Cabañares.

"Certainly. Do you think of putting your knife into my neck?"

Cabañeres drew back, somewhat abashed, the indifference of the other sputtering like water on his passion.

"It is not a matter for blood," he said, sulkily; "but the head is hot and words are quick when horses run neck to neck. And, by the Mother of God, you shall not have the last race. My best horse has not run. Viva El Rayo!"

"Viva El Rayo!" shouted the caballeros.

"And let the race be between you two alone," cried one. "The North or the South! Los Angeles or Monterey! It will be the race of our life."

"The North or the South?" cried the caballeros, wheeling and galloping across the field to the doñas. "Twenty leagues to a real for Guido Cabañares."

"What a pity that Ysabel is not here!" said Doña Modeste Castro to Pio Pico. "How those green eyes of hers would flash to-day!"

"She would not come," said the Governor. "She said she was tired of the race."

"Whom do you speak of?" asked De la Vega, who had rejoined them.

"Of Ysabel Herrera, La Favorita of Monterey," answered Pio Pico. "The most beautiful woman in the Californias, since Chonita Iturbi y Moncada, my Vicente. It is at her uncle's that I stay. Thou hast heard me speak of my old friend; and surely thou hast heard of her."

"Ay!" said De la Vega. "I have heard of her."

"Viva El Rayo!"

"Ay, the ugly brute!"

"What name? Vitriolo? Mother of God! Diablo or Demonio would suit him better. He looks as if he had been bred in hell. He will not stand the quirto; and El Rayo is more lightly built. We will beat by a dozen lengths."

The two vaqueros who were to ride the horses had stripped to their soft linen shirts and black velvet trousers, cast aside their sombreros, and bound their heads with tightly knotted handkerchiefs. Their spurs were fastened to bare brown heels; the cruel quirto was in their hands; they rode barebacked, winding their wiry legs in and out of a horse-hair rope encircling the body of the animal. As they slowly passed the crowd on their way to the starting-point at the lower end of the field, and listened to the rattling fire of wagers and comments, they looked defiant, and alive to the importance of the coming event.

El Rayo shone like burnished copper, his silver mane and tail glittering as if powdered with diamond-dust. He was long and graceful of body, thin of flank, slender of leg. With arched neck and flashing eyes he walked with the pride of one who was aware of the admiration he excited.

Vitriolo was black and powerful. His long neck fitted into well-placed shoulders. He had great depth of girth, immense length from shoulder-points to hips, big cannon-bones, and elastic pasterns. There was neither amiability nor pride in his mien; rather a sullen sense of brute power, such as may have belonged to the knights of the Middle Ages. Now and again he curled his lips away from the bit and laid his ears back as if he intended to eat of the elegant Beau Brummel stepping so daintily beside of him. Of the antagonistic crowd he took not the slightest notice.

"The race begins! Holy heaven!" The murmur rose to a shout—a deep hoarse shout strangely crossed and re-crossed by long silver notes; a thrilling volume of sound rising above a sea of flashing eyes and parted lips and vivid moving mass of color.

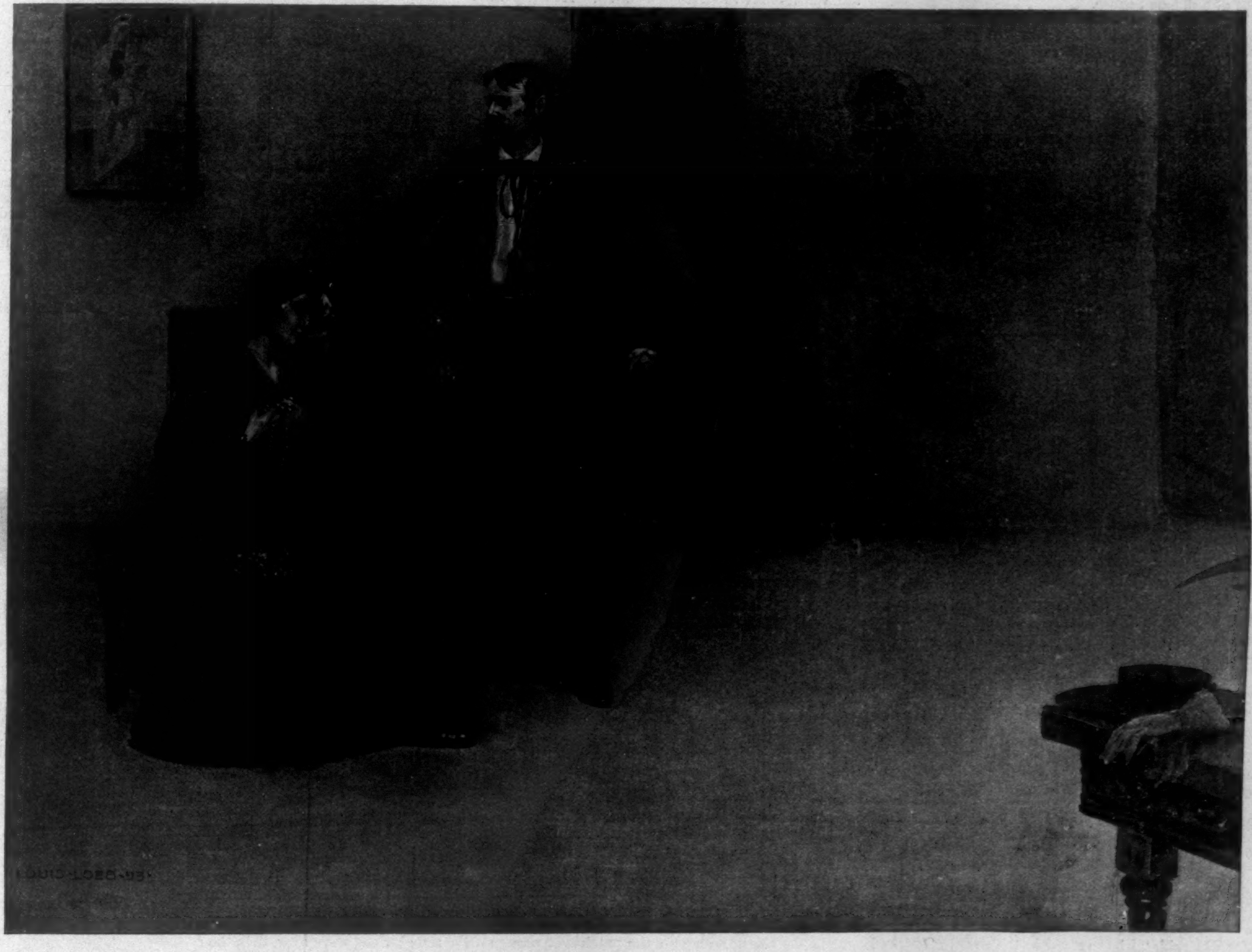
Twice the horses scored, and were sent back. The third time they bounded by the starting-post neck and neck, nose to nose. José Abrigo, treasurer of Monterey, dashed his sombrero, heavy with silver eagles, to the ground, and the race was begun.

Almost at once the black began to gain. Inch by inch he fought his way to the front, and the roar with which the crowd had greeted the start died into the silence of apprehension.

El Rayo was not easily to be shaken off. A third of the distance had been covered, and his nose was abreast of Vitriolo's flank. The vaqueros sat as if carved from bronze, as lightly as if hollowed, watching each other warily out of the corners of their eyes.

Relentlessly and severely the black still gained, and half-way from home light was visible between the two horses. The pace became terrific, the excitement so intense that not a sound was heard but that of racing hoofs. The horses swept onward like projectiles, the same smoothness, the same suggestion of eternal flight. Their bodies were extended until the tense muscles rose under the satin coats. Vitriolo's eyes flashed viciously; El Rayo strains with determination. Vitriolo's nostrils were red as angry craters; El Rayo's fluttered like paper in the wind.

Three-quarters of the race was run, and the rider of Vitriolo could tell by the sound of the hoof-beats behind him



"SHE RAN HER SLIM WHITE FINGERS THROUGH THE JEWELS."

that he had a good head of at least two lengths over the Northern champion. A smile curled the corners of his heavy lips; the race was his already.

Suddenly El Rayo's vaquero raised his hand, and down came the maddening quirto, first on one side, then on the other. His spurs dug; the blood spurted. The crowd burst into a howl of delight as their favorite responded. Startled by the sound, Vitriolo's rider darted a glance over his shoulder, and saw El Rayo bearing down upon him like a thunder-bolt, regaining the ground that he had lost not by inches, but by feet. Two hundred paces from the finish he was at the black's flanks; one hundred and fifty, he was at his girth; one hundred, and the horses were neck and neck; and still the quirto whirred down on El Rayo's heaving flanks, the spurs dug deeper into his quivering flesh.

The vaquero of Vitriolo sat like a graven image, using neither whip nor spur, his teeth set, his eyes rolling from the goal ahead to the rider at his side.

The breathless intensity of the spectators had burst. They had began to click their teeth, to mutter hoarsely, then to shout, to gesticulate, to shake their fists in each other's faces, to push and scramble for a better view.

"Holy God!" cried Pio Pico, carried out of himself, "the South is lost! Vitriolo the magnificent! Ah, who would have thought? The black by the gold! Ay! What! No! Holy Mary! Holy God!—"

Six strides more and the race is over. With the howl of a demon the vaquero of the South leans forward over Vitriolo's neck. The big black responds like a creature of reason. Down comes the quirto once—only once. He fairly lifts his horse ahead and shoots into victory, winner by a neck. The South has vanquished the North.

The crowd yelled and shouted until it was exhausted. But even Cabañares made no further demonstration toward De la Vega. Not only was he weary and depressed, but the victory had been nobly won.

It grew late, and they rode to the town, caballeros pushing as close to doñas as they dared, dueñas in close attendance, one theme on the lips of all. Anger gave place to respect; moreover, De la Vega was the guest of General Castro, the best-beloved man in California. They were willing to extend the hand of friendship; but he rode last, between the general and Doña Modeste, and seemed to care as little for their good will as for their ill.

Pio Pico rode ahead, and as the cavalcade entered the town he broke from it and ascended the hill to carry the news to Ysabel Herrera.

Monterey, rising to her pine-spiked hills, swept like a crescent moon about the sapphire bay. The surf roared and fought the white sand hills of the distant horn; on that nearest the town crouched the fort, grim and rude, but pulsating with military life, and alert for American onslaught. In the valley the red-tiled white adobe houses studded a little city which was a series of corners radiating from a central irregular street. A few mansions were on the hill-side to the right, brush-crowded sand banks on the left; the perfect curve of hills, thick with pine woods and dense green undergrowth, rose high above and around all, a rampart of splendid symmetry.

"Ay! Ysabel! Ysabel!" cried the young people as they swept down the broad street. "Bring her to us, Excellency. Tell her she shall not know until she comes down. We will tell her. Ay! poor Guido!"

The Governor turned and waved his hand, then continued the ascent of the hill, toward a long low house which showed no sign of life.

He alighted, and glanced into a room opening upon the corridor which traversed the front. The room was large, and dimly lighted by deeply set windows. The floor was bare, the furniture of horse-hair; saints and family portraits adorned the white walls; on a chair lay a guitar—a typical Californian sala of that day. The ships brought few luxuries, beyond raiment and jewels, to even the wealthy of that isolated country.

"Ysabel," called the Governor, "where art thou? Come down to the town and hear the fortune of the races. Alvarado Street streams like a comet. It is not accordant that the Star of Monterey withhold her light."

A girl rose from a sofa and came slowly forward to the corridor. The proudest beauty in California, La Favorita of Monterey. Discontent marred her face as she gave her hand to the Governor to kiss, and looked down upon the brilliant town. For the Señorita Doña Ysabel Herrera was poor. Were it not for her uncle, she would not have where to lay her stately head; and she was La Favorita of Monterey, the proudest beauty in California. Her father had gambled away his last acre, his horse, his saddle, the serape off his back; then sent his motherless girl to his brother, and buried himself in Mexico. Don Antonio took the child to his heart, and sent for a widowed cousin to be her dueña. He bought her beautiful garments from the ships that touched the port, but had no inclination to gratify her famous longing to hang ropes of pearls in her soft black hair, to wind them about her white neck, and band them above her green resplendent eyes.

"Unbend thy brows," said Pio Pico. "Wrinkles were not made for youth."

Ysabel moved her brows apart, but the clouds still lay in her eyes.

"Thou dost not ask of the races? Oh, thou indifferent one! What is the trouble, my Ysabel? Will no one bring the pearls? The loveliest girl in all the Californias has said, 'I will wed no man who does not bring me a lapful of pearls,' and no one has filled the front of that pretty flowered gown. But have reason, niña. Remember that our Alta California has no pearls on its shores, and that even the pearl fisheries of the terrible lower country are almost worn out. Will nothing less content thee?"

"Nothing."

"God of my soul! thou hast ambition. No woman has had more offered her than thou. But thou art worthy of the most that man could give. Had I not a wife myself, I believe I would throw my jewels and my ugly old head at thy little feet."

Ysabel glanced with some envy at the magnificent jewels with which the Governor of the Californias was hung, but did not covet the owner. An uglier man than Pio Pico had rarely entered this world. The upper lip of his enormous mouth dipped at the middle; the broad thick under lip hung down with its own weight. The nose was big and coarse, although there was a certain spirited suggestion in the cavernous nostrils. Intelligence and reflectiveness were also in his little eyes, and they were far apart. A small white mustache grew above his mouth; about his chin, from ear to ear, was a short stubby beard, whiter by contrast with his copper-colored skin. He looked much like an intellectual bear.

And Ysabel? In truth, she had reason for her pride. Her black hair, unblemished by gloss or tinge of blue, fell waving to her feet. California, haughty, passionate, restless, pleasure-loving, looked from her dark green eyes; the soft black lashes dropped like a curtain when they became too expressive. Her full mouth was deeply red, but only a faint pink lay in her white cheeks; the nose curved at bridge and nostrils. About her low shoulders she held a blue rebozo, the finger-tips of each slim hand resting on the opposite elbow. She held her head a little back, and Pio Pico laughed as he looked at her.

"Dios!" he said, "but thou mightst be an Estenega or an Iturbi y Moncada. Sure, that lofty head better suits old Spain than the republic of Mexico. Draw thy rebozo about thy head now, and let us go down. They expect thee."

She lifted the scarf above her hair, and walked down the steep rutted hill with the Governor, her flowered gown floating with a silken rustle about her. In a few moments she was listening to the tale of the races.

"Ay, Ysabel! God of my soul! what a day! A young señor from Los Angeles won the race—almost all the races—the Señor Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga. He has never been here before. His horses! Mother of God! they ran like hares. Poor Guido! Válgame Dios! Even thou wouldst have been moved to pity. But he is so handsome! Look! Look! He comes now, side by side with General Castro. Dios! his serape is as stiff with gold as the vestments of the padre."

Ysabel looked up as a man rode past. His bold profile and thin face were passionate and severe; his dark blue eyes were full of power. Such a face was rare among the languid, shallow men of her race.

"He rides with General Castro," whispered Benicia Ortega. "He stays with him. We shall see him at the ball to-night."

As Don Vicente passed Ysabel their eyes met for a moment. His opened suddenly with a bold eager flash, his arched nostrils twitching. The color left her face, and her eyes dropped heavily.

Love needed no kindling in the heart of the Californian.

II.

The people of Monterey danced every night of their lives, and went nowhere so eagerly as to the great sala of Doña Modeste Castro, their leader of fashion, whose gowns were made for her in the city of Mexico.

Ysabel envied her bitterly. Not because the Doña Modeste's skin was whiter than her own, for it could not be, nor her eyes greener, for they were not; but because her jewels were richer than Pio Pico's, and upon all grand occasions a string of wonderful pearls gleamed in her storm-black hair. But one feminine compensation had Ysabel: she was taller; Doña Modeste's slight, elegant figure lacked Ysabel's graceful inches, and perhaps she too felt a pang sometimes as the girl undulated above her like a snake about to strike.

At the fashionable hour of ten Monterey was gathered for the dance. All the men except the officers wore black velvet or broadcloth coats and white trousers. All the women wore white, the waists long and pointed, the skirts full. Ysabel's gown was of embroidered crêpe. Her hair was coiled about her head, and held by a tortoise comb framed with a narrow band of gold. Pio Pico, splendid with stars and crescents and rings and pins of sapphires, led her in, and with his unique ugliness enhanced her beauty.

She glanced eagerly about the room whilst replying absently to the caballeros who surrounded her. Don Vicente de la Vega was not there. The thick circle about her parted, and General Castro bent over her hand, begging the honor of the contradanza. She sighed, and for the moment forgot the Southerner, who had flashed and gone like the beginning of a dream. Here was a man!—the only man of her knowledge whom she could have loved, and who would have found her those pearls. Californians had so little ambition! Then she gave a light audacious laugh. Governor Pico was shaking hands cordially with General Castro, the man he hated best in California.

No two men could have contrasted more sharply than José Castro and Pio Pico—with the exception of Alvarado, the most famous men of their country. The gold trimmings of the general's uniform were his only jewels. His hair and beard—the latter worn *à la Basca*, a narrow strip curving from upper lip to ear—were as black as Pio Pico's once had been. The handsomest man in California, he had less consciousness than the least of the caballeros. His deep gray eyes were luminous with enthusiasm; his nose was as fine and bold as if etched on ivory; his firm sensitive mouth was cut above a resolute chin. He looked what he was, the ardent patriot of a doomed cause.

"Señorita," he said, as he led Ysabel out to the sweet monotonous music of the contradanza, "did you see the caballero who rode with me to-day?"

A red light rose to Ysabel's cheek. "Which one, comandante? Many rode with you."

"I mean he who rode at my right, the winner of the races, Vicente, son of my old friend Juan Bautista de la Vega y Arillaga, of Los Angeles."

"It may be. I think I saw a strange face."

"He saw yours, Doña Ysabel, and is looking upon you now from the corridor without, although the fog is heavy about him. Cannot you see him—that dark shadow by the pillar?"

Ysabel never went through the graceful evolutions of the contradanza as she did that night. Her supple slender body curved and swayed and glided; her round arms were like lazy snakes uncoiling; her exquisitely poised head moved in perfect concord with her undulating hips. Her eyes grew brighter, her lips redder. The young men who stood near gave loud vent to their admiration, as if she had been dancing El Son alone on the floor. But the man without made no sign.

After the dance was over, General Castro led her to her dueña, and handing her a guitar, begged a song.

She began a light love-ballad, singing with the grace and style of her Spanish blood; a little mocking thing, but with a wild break now and again. As she sang, she fixed her eyes coquettishly on the adoring face of Guido Cabañares, who stood beside her, but saw every thrill of the form beyond the window. Don Guido kept his ardent eyes riveted upon her, but detected no wandering in her glances. His lips trembled as he listened, and once he brushed the tears from his eyes. She gave him a little cynical smile, then broke her song in two. The man on the corridor had dashed his hat to the ground with a loud exclamation, and sprung through the window.

Ysabel, clinching her hands the better to control her jumping nerves, turned quickly to Cabañares, who had pressed behind her, and was pouring words into her ear.

"Ysabel! Ysabel! hast thou no pity? Dost thou not see that I am fit to set the world on fire for love of thee? The very water boils as I drink it—"

She interrupted him with a scornful laugh, the sharper that her voice might not tremble. "Bring me my pearls. What is love worth when it will not grant one little desire?"

He groaned. "I have found a vein of gold on my rancho. I can pick the little shining pieces out with my fingers. I will have them beaten into a saddle for thee—"

But she had turned her back flat upon him, and was making a deep courtesy to the man whom General Castro presented.

"I appreciate the honor of your acquaintance," she murmured, mechanically.

"At your feet, señorita," said Don Vicente.

The art of making conversation had not been cultivated among the Californians, and Ysabel plied her large fan with slow grace, at a loss for further remark, and wondering if her heart would suffocate her. But Don Vicente had the gift of words.

"Señorita," he said, "I have stood in the chilling fog and felt the warmth of your lovely voice at my heart. The emotions I felt my poor tongue cannot translate. They swarm in my head like a hive of puzzled bees; but perhaps they look through my eyes," and he fixed his powerful and penetrating gaze on Ysabel's green depths.

A waltz began, and he took her in his arms without asking her indulgence, and regardless of the indignation of the mob of men about her. Ysabel, whose being was filled with the tumult of awakening passion, lay passive as he held her closer than man had ever dared before.

"I love you," he said, in his harsh voice. "I wish you for my wife. At once. When I saw you to-day standing with a hundred other beautiful women, I said: 'She is the fairest of them all. I shall have her.' And I read the future in"—he suddenly dropped the formal "you"—"in thine eyes, cariña. Thy soul sprang to mine. Thy heart is locked in my heart closer, closer than my arms are holding thee now."

The strength of his embrace was violent for a moment; but Ysabel might have been cut from marble. Her body had lost its swaying grace; it was almost rigid. She did not lift her eyes. But De la Vega was not discouraged.

The music finished, and Ysabel was at once surrounded by a determined retinue. This intruding Southerner was welcome to the honors of the race-field, but the Star of Monterey was not for him. He smiled as he saw the menace of their eyes.

"I would have her," he thought, "if they were a regiment of Castros—which they are not." But he had not armed himself against diplomacy.

Señor Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga," said Don Guido Cabañares, who had been selected as spokesman, "perhaps you have not learned during your brief visit to our capital that the Señorita Doña Ysabel Herrera, La Favorita of Alta California, has sworn by the Holy Virgin, by the blessed Junipero Serra, that she will wed no man who does not bring her a lapful of pearls. Can you find those pearls on the sands of the South, Don Vicente? For, by the holy cross of God, you cannot have her without them!"

For a moment De la Vega was disconcerted.

"Is this true?" he demanded, turning to Ysabel.

"What, señor?" she asked, vaguely. She had not listened to the words of her protesting admirer.

A sneer bent his mouth. "That you have put a price upon yourself? That the man who ardently wishes to be your husband, who has even won your love, must first hang you with pearls like—" He stopped suddenly, the blood burning his dark face, his eyes opening with an expression of horrified hope. "Tell me! tell me!" he exclaimed. "Is this true?"

For the first time since she had spoken with him Ysabel was herself. She crossed her arms and tapped her elbows with her pointed fingers.

"Yes," she said, "it is true." She raised her eyes to his and regarded him steadily. They looked like green pools frozen in a marble wall.

The harp, the flute, the guitar, combined again, and once more he swung her from a furious circle. But he was safe; General Castro had joined it. He waltzed her down the long room, through one adjoining, then into another, and, indifferent to the iron conventions of his race, closed the door behind them. They were in the sleeping-room of Doña Modeste. The bed with its rich satin coverlet, the bare floor, the simple furniture, were in semi-darkness; only on the altar in the corner were candles burning. Above hung paintings of saints, finely executed by Mexican hands; an ebony cross spread its black arms against the white wall; the candles flared to a golden Christ. He caught her hands and dragged her over to the altar.

"Listen to me," he said. "I will bring you those pearls. You shall have such pearls as no queen in Europe possesses. Swear to me here, with your hands on this altar, that you will wed me when I return, no matter how or where I find those pearls."

He was holding her hands between the candelabra. She looked at him with eyes of passionate surrender; the man had conquered worldly ambitions. But he answered her before she had time to speak.

"You love me, and would withdraw the conditions. But I am in a mood to do a daring and a terrible act. Furthermore, I wish to show you that I can succeed where all other men have failed. I only ask two things now. First, make me the vow I wish."

"I swear it," she said.

"Now," he said, his voice sinking to a harsh but caressing whisper, "give me one kiss for courage and hope."

She leaned slowly forward, the blood pulsing in her lips; but she had been brought up behind grated windows, and she drew back. "No," she said, "not now."

For a moment he looked rebellious; then he laid his hands on her shoulders and pressed her to her knees. He knelt behind her, and together they told a rosary for his safe return.

He left her there and went to his room. From his saddlebag he took a long letter from an intimate friend, one of the younger Franciscan priests of the Mission of Santa Barbara, where he had been educated. He sought that paragraph!

"Thou knowest, of course, my Vicente, of the pearl fisheries of Baja California. It is whispered—between ourselves, indeed, it is quite true—that a short while ago the Indian divers discovered an extravagantly rich bed of pearls. Instead of reporting to any of the companies, they have hung them all upon our Most Sacred Lady of Loreto, in the Mission of Loreto; and there, by the grace of God, they will remain. They are worth the ransom of a king, my Vicente, and the Church has come to her own again."

III.

The fog lay thick on the bay at dawn next morning. The white waves hid the blue, and muffled the roar of the surf. Now and again a whale threw a volume of spray high in the air, a geyser from a phantom sea. Above the white sands straggled the white town, ghostly, prophetic.

De la Vega, a dark sombrero pulled over his eyes, a dark serape enveloping his tall figure, rode, unattended and watchful, out of the town. Not until he reached the narrow road through the brush forest beyond did he give his horse rein. The indolence of the Californian was no longer in his carriage; it looked alert and muscular; recklessness accentuated the sternness of his face.

As he rode, the fog receded slowly. He left the chaparral and rode by green marshes cut with sloughs and stained with vivid patches of orange. The frogs in the tules chanted their hoarse matins. Through brush-covered plains once more, with sparsely wooded hills in the distance, and again the tules, the marsh, the patches of orange. He rode through a field of mustard; the pale yellow petals brushed his dark face, the delicate green leaves won his eyes from the hot glare of the ascending sun, the slender stalks, rebounding, smote his horse's flanks. He climbed hills to avoid the wide marshes, and descended into willow groves and fields of daisies. Before noon he was in the San Juan Mountains, thick with sturdy oaks, bending their heads before the madroño, that belle of the forest, with her robes of scarlet and her crown of bronze. The yellow lilies clung to her skirts, and the buckeye flung his flowers at her feet. The last redwoods were there, piercing the blue air with their thin inflexible arms, gray as a dusty band of friars. Out by the willows, whereunder crept the sluggish river, then between the hills curving about the valley of San Juan Bautista.

At no time is California so beautiful as in the month of June. De la Vega's wild spirit and savage purpose were dormant for the moment as he rode down the valley toward the mission. The hills were like gold, like mammoth fawns veiled with violet mist, like rich tan velvet. Afar, bare blue steeps were pink in their chasms, brown on their spurs. The dark yellow fields were as if thick with gold-dust; the pale mustard was a waving yellow sea. Not a tree marred the smooth hills. The earth sent forth a perfume of its own. Below the plateau from which rose the white walls of the mission was a wide field of bright green corn rising against the blue sky.

The padres in their brown hooded robes came out upon the long corridor of the mission and welcomed the traveller. Their lands had gone from them, their mission was crumbling, but the spirit of hospitality lingered there still. They laid meat and fruit and drink on a table beneath the arches, then sat about him and asked him eagerly for news of the day. Was it true that the United States of America were at war with Mexico, or about to be? True that their beloved flag might fall, and the stars and stripes of an insolent invader rise above the fort of Monterey?

De la Vega recounted the meagre and conflicting rumors which had reached California, but, not being a prophet, could not tell them that they would be the first to see the red, white, and blue fluttering on the mountain before them. He refused to rest more than an hour, but mounted the fresh horse the padres gave him and went his way, riding hard and relentlessly, like all Californians.

He sped onward through the long hot day, leaving the hills for the marshes and a long stretch of ugly country, traversing the beautiful San Antonio Valley in the night, reaching the Mission of San Miguel at dawn, and resting there for a few hours. That night he slept at a hospitable ranch-house in the park valley of Paso de Robles, a grim silent figure amongst gay-hearted people who delighted to welcome him. The early morning found him among the chrome hills, and at the Mission of San Luis Obispo the good padres gave him breakfast. The little valley, round as a well, its bare hills red and brown, gray and pink, violet and black, from fire, sloping steeply from a dizzy height, impressed him with a sense of being prisoned in an enchanted vale where no message of the outer world could come, and he hastened on his way.

Absorbed as he was, he felt the beauty he flew past. A line of golden hills lay against sharp blue peaks. A towering mass of gray rocks had been cut and lashed by wind and water, earthquake and fire, into the semblance of a massive castle, still warlike in its ruin. He slept for a few hours that night in the Mission of Santa Ynes, and was high in the Santa Barbara Mountains at the next noon. For brief whiles he forgot his journey's purpose as his horse climbed slowly up the steep trails, knocking the loose stones down a thousand feet and more upon a roof of tree-tops which looked like stunted brush. Those gigantic masses of huge smooth stones, each wearing a semblance to the face of man or beast; those awful chasms and stupendous heights, densely wooded, bare, and many-hued, rising above, beyond, peak upon peak, cutting through the visible atmosphere—was there no end? He turned in his saddle and looked over low peaks and cañons, rivers and abysms, black peaks smiting the fiery blue far, far to the dim azure mountains on the horizon.

"Mother of God!" he thought. "No wonder California still shakes! I would I could have stood upon a star and beheld the awful throes of this country's birth." And then his horse reared between the sharp spurs and galloped on.

He avoided the Mission of Santa Barbara, resting at a rancho outside the town. In the morning, supplied as usual with a fresh horse, he fled onward, with the ocean at his right, its splendid roar in his ears. The cliffs towered high above him; he saw no man's face for hours together; but his thoughts companioned him, savage and sinister shapes whirling about the figure of a woman. On, on, sleeping at ranchos or missions, meeting hospitality everywhere, avoiding Los Angeles, keeping close to the ponderous ocean, he left civilization behind him at last, and with an Indian guide entered upon that desert of mountain-tops, Baja California.

Rapid travelling was not possible here. There were no valleys worthy the name. The sharp peaks, multiplying mile after mile, were like teeth of gigantic rakes, black and bare. A wilderness of mountain-tops, desolate as eternity, arid, parched, baked by the awful heat, the silence never broken by the cry of a bird, a hut rarely breaking the barren monotony, only an infrequent spring to save from death. It was almost impossible to get food or fresh horses. Many a night De la Vega and his stoical guide slept beneath a cactus, or in the mocking bed of a creek. The mustangs he managed to lasso were almost unridable, and would have bucked to death any but a Californian. Sometimes he lived on cactus fruit and the dried meat he had brought with him; occasionally he shot a rabbit. Again he had but the flesh of the rattlesnake roasted over coals. But honey-dew was on the leaves.

He avoided the beaten trail, and cut his way through naked bushes spiked with thorns, and through groves of cacti miles in length. When the thick fog rolled up from the ocean he had to sit inactive on the rocks, or lose his way. A furious storm dashed him against a bowlder, breaking his mustang's leg; then a torrent, rising like a tidal wave, thundered down the gulch, and catching him on its crest, flung him upon a tree of thorns. When dawn came he found his guide dead. He cursed his luck, and went on.

Lassoing another mustang, he pushed on, having a general idea of the direction he should take. It was a week before he reached Loreto, a week of loneliness, hunger, thirst, and torrid monotony. A week, too, of thought and bitterness of spirit. In spite of his love, which never cooled, and his courage, which never quailed, Nature, in her guise of foul and crooked hag, taught him the barrenness of earthly happiness, the mockery of human hope. When youth's delusions were over, then the naked desert, the wayless fogs, the never-ending climbing and descending amongst thorns that pierced and rocks that barred.

If he had not spent his life in the saddle, he would have been worn out when he finally reached Loreto, late one night. As it was, he slept in a hut until the following afternoon. Then he took a long swim in the bay, and, later, sauntered through the town.

The forlorn little city was hardly more than a collection of Indians' huts about a church in a sandy waste. No longer the capital, even the barracks were toppling. When De la Vega entered the mission not a white man but the padre and his assistant was in it; the building was thronged with Indian worshippers. The mission, although the first built in California, was in a fair state of preservation. The stations in their battered frames were mellow and distinct. The gold still gleamed in the vestments of the padre.

For a few moments De la Vega dared not raise his eyes to the Lady of Loreto, standing aloft in the dull blaze of adamantine candles. When he did, he rose suddenly from his knees and left the mission. The pearls were there.

It took him but a short time to gain the confidence of the priest and the little population. He offered no explanation for his coming, beyond the curiosity of the traveller. The padre gave him a room in the mission, and spent every hour he could spare with the brilliant stranger. At night he thanked God for the sudden oasis in his life's desolation. The Indians soon grew accustomed to the lonely figure wandering about the sand plains, or kneeling for hours together before the altar in the church. And whom their padre trusted was to them as sacred and impersonal as the wooden saints of their religion.

IV.

The midnight stars watched over the mission. Framed by the cross-shaped window sunk deep in the adobe wall above the entrance, a mass of them assumed the form of the crucifix, throwing a golden trail full upon the Lady of Loreto, proud in her shining pearls. The long narrow body of the church seemed to have swallowed the shadows of the ages, and to yawn for more.

De la Vega, booted and spurred, his serape folded about him, his sombrero on his head, opened the sacristy door and entered the church. In one hand he held a sack; in the other, a candle sputtering in a bottle. He walked deliberately to the foot of the altar. In spite of his self-control, he stood appalled for a moment as he saw the dim radiance enveloping the Lady of Loreto. He scowled over his shoulder at the menacing emblem of redemption, and crossed himself. But had it been the finger of God, the face of Ysabel would have shone between. He extinguished his candle, and swinging himself to the top of the altar, plucked the pearls from the Virgin's gown and dropped them into the sack. His hand trembled a little, but he held his will between his teeth.

How quiet it was! The waves flung themselves upon the shore with the sullen wrath of impotence. A sea-gull screamed now and again, an exclamation-point in the silence above the waters. Suddenly De la Vega shook from head to foot, and snatched the knife from his belt. A faint creaking echoed through the hollow church. He strained his ears, holding his breath until his chest collapsed with the shock of outrushing air. But the sound was not repeated, and he concluded that it had been but a vibration of his nerves. He glanced to the window above the doors. The stars in it were no longer visible; they had melted into bars of flame. The sweat stood cold on his face, but he went on with his work.

A rope of pearls, cunningly strung together with strands of sea-weed, was wound about the Virgin's right arm. De la Vega was too nervous to uncoil it; he held the sack beneath, and severed the strands with his knife. As he finished, and was about to stoop and cut loose the pearls from the hem of the Virgin's gown, he uttered a hoarse cry and stood rigid. A cowled head, with thin lips drawn over yellow teeth, furious eyes burning deep in withered sockets, projected on its long neck from the Virgin's right and confronted him. The body was unseen.

"Thief!" hissed the priest. "Dog! Thou wouldst rob the Church? Accursed! accursed!"

There was not one moment for hesitation, one alternative. Before the priest could complete his malediction, De la Vega's knife had flashed through the fire of the cross. The priest leaped from his feet, then rolled over and down, and rebounded from the railing of the sanctuary.

V.

Ysabel sat in the low window-seat of her bedroom, pretending to draw the threads of a cambric handkerchief. But her fingers twitched, and her eyes looked oftener down the hill than upon the delicate work which required such attention. She wore a black gown flowered with yellow roses and a slender ivory cross at her throat. Her hair hung in two loose braids, sweeping the floor. She was very pale, and her pallor was not due to the nightly entertainments of Monterey.

Her dueña sat beside her. The old woman was the color of strong coffee; but she, too, looked as if she had not slept, and her straight old lips curved tenderly whenever she raised her eyes to the girl's face.

There was no carpet on the floor of the bedroom of La Favorita of Monterey, the heiress of Don Antonio Herrera, and the little bedstead in the corner was of iron, although a heavy satin coverlet trimmed with lace was on it. A few saints looked down from the walls; the furniture was of native wood, square and ugly, but it was almost hidden under fine linen elaborately worked with the deshilados of Spain.

The supper hour was over, and the light grew dim. Ysabel tossed the handkerchief into Doña Juana's lap, and stared through the grating. Against the faded sky a huge cloud, shaped like a fire-breathing dragon, was heavily outlined. The smoky shadows gathered in the woods. The hoarse boom of the surf came from the beach; the bay was uneasy, and the tide was high. The earth had quaked in the morning, and a wind-storm fought the ocean. The gay, bright laughter of women floated up from the town. Monterey had taken her siesta, enjoyed her supper, and was ready to dance through the night once more.

"He is dead," said Ysabel.

"Sure," said the old woman.

"He would have come back to me before this."

"Sure."

"He was so strong, and so different, mamita."

"I never forget his eyes. Very bold eyes."

"They could be soft, macheppa."

"Sure. It is time thou dressed for the ball at the Custom-house, niñita."

Ysabel leaned forward, her lips parting. A man was coming up the hill. He was gaunt; he was burnt almost black. Something bulged beneath his serape.

Doña Juana found herself suddenly in the middle of the room. Ysabel darted through the only door, locking it behind her. The indignant dueña also recognized the man, and her position. She trotted to the door and thumped angrily on the panel; sympathetic as she was, she could never so far forget herself as to permit a young girl to talk with a man unattended.

"Thou shalt not go to the ball to-night," she cried, shrilly. "Thou shalt be locked in the dark room. Thou shalt be sent to the rancho. Open! open! thou wicked one. Mother of God! I will beat thee with my own hands."

But she was a prisoner, and Ysabel paid no attention to her threats. The girl was in the sala, and the doors were open. As De la Vega crossed the corridor and entered the room she sank upon a chair, covering her face with her hands.

He strode over to her, and flinging his serape from his shoulder, opened the mouth of a sack and poured its contents into her lap. Pearls of all sizes and shapes—pearls black and pearls white, pearls pink and pearls faintly blue, pearls like globes and pearls like pears, pearls as big as the lobe of Pio Pico's ear, pearls as dainty as bubbles of frost—a lapful of gleaming, luminous pearls, the like of which caballero had never brought to doña before.

For a moment Ysabel forgot her love and her lover. The dream of a lifetime was reality. She was the child who had cried for the moon, and seen it tossed into her lap.

She ran her slim white fingers through the jewels. She took up handfuls and let them run slowly back to her lap. She pressed them to her face; she kissed them with little rapturous cries. She laid them against her breast and watched them chase each other down her black gown. Then at last she raised her head and met the fierce sneering eyes of De la Vega.

"So it is as I might have known. It was only the pearls you wanted. It might have been an Indian slave who brought them to you."

She took the sack from his hand and poured back the pearls. Then she laid the sack on the floor and stood up. She was no longer pale, and her eyes were brilliant in the darkening room.

"Yes," she said; "I forgot for a moment. But during many terrible weeks, señor, my tears have not been for the pearls."

The sudden light that was De la Vega's chiefest charm sprang to his eyes. He took her hands and kissed them passionately.

"That sack of pearls would be a poor reward for one tear. But thou hast shed them for me? Say that again. Mi alma! mi alma!"

"I never thought of the pearls—at least not often. At last, not at all. I have been very unhappy, señor. Ay!" The maiden reserve which had been knit like steel about her plastic years burst in that hour. "Thou art ill! What has happened to thee? Ay, Dios! what it is to be a woman and to suffer! Thou wilt die! Oh, Mother of God!"

"I shall not die. Kiss me, Ysabel. Surely it is time now."

But she drew back and shook her head.

He exclaimed impatiently, but would not resign her hands. "Thou meanest that, Ysabel?"

"We shall be married soon—wait."

"I had hoped thou wouldst grant me that. For when I tell thee where I got those pearls thou mayest drive me from thee in spite of thy promise—drive me from thee with the curse of the devout woman on thy lips. I might invent some excuse to persuade thee to fly with me from California to-night, and thou wouldst never know. But I am a man—a Spaniard—and a De la Vega! I shall not lie to thee."

She looked at him with wide eyes, not understanding, and he went on, his face savage again, his voice harsh. He told her the whole story of that night in the mission. He omitted nothing—the menacing cross, the sacrilegious theft, the deliberate murder; the pictures were painted with blood and fire. She did not interrupt him with cry or gasp, but her expression changed many times. Horror held her eyes for a time, then slowly retreated, and his own fierce pride looked back at him. She lifted her head when he had finished, her throat throbbing, her nostrils twitching.

"Thou hast done that—for me?"

"Ay, Ysabel!"

"Thou hast murdered thy immortal soul—for me?"

"Ysabel!"

"Thou lovest me like that! O God, in what likeness hast thou made me? In whatsoever image it may have been, I thank Thee—and repudiate Thee!"

She took the cross from her throat and broke it in two pieces with her strong white fingers.

"Thou art lost, eternally damned; but I will go down to hell with thee." And she threw herself suddenly forward and kissed him on the mouth.

For a moment he forgot the lesson thrust into his brain by the hideous fingers of the desert. He was almost happy. He put his hands about her warm face after a time. "We must go to-night," he said. "I went to General Castro's to change my clothes, and learned that a ship sails for the United States to-night. We will go on that. I dare not delay twenty-four hours. It may be that they are upon my heels now. How can we meet?"

Her thoughts had travelled faster than his words, and she answered at once. "There is a ball at the Custom-house to-night. I will go. Thou wilt have a boat below the rocks. Thou knowest that the Custom-house is on the rocks at the end of the town, near the fort. No? It will be easier for me to slip from the ballroom than from this house. Only tell me where thou wilt meet me."

"The ship sails at midnight. I too will go to the ball; for with me thou canst escape more easily. Hast thou a maid thou canst trust?"

"My Luisa is faithful."

"Then tell her to be on the beach between the rocks of the Custom-house and the fort with what thou must take with thee."

Again he kissed her many times, but softly. "Wear thy pearls to-night. I wish to see thy triumphant hour in Monterey."

"Yes," she said, "I shall wear the pearls."

VI.

The corridor of the Custom-house had been enclosed to protect the musicians and supper table from the wind and fog. The store-room had been cleared, the floor scrubbed, the walls hung with the colors of Mexico. All in honor of Pio Pico, again in brief exile from his beloved Los Angeles. The Governor, blazing with diamonds, stood at the upper end of the room, by Doña Modeste Castro's side. About them were Castro and other prominent men of Monterey, all talking of the rumored war between the United States and Mexico, and prophesying various results. Neither Pico nor Castro looked amiable. The Governor had arrived in the morning to find that the general had allowed pasquinades representing his Excellency in no complimentary light to disfigure the streets of Monterey. Castro, when taken to task, had replied haughtily that it was the Governor's place to look after his own dignity; he, the Comandante-General of the army of the Californias, had more important matters to attend to. The result had been a furious war of words, ending in a lame peace.

"Tell us, Excellency," said José Abrigo, "what will be the outcome?"

"The Americans can have us if they wish," said Pio Pico, bitterly. "We cannot prevent."

"Never!" cried Castro. "What? We cannot protect ourselves against the invasion of bandoleros? Do you forget what blood stings the veins of the Californian? A Spaniard stand with folded arms and see his country plucked from him! Oh, sacrilege! They will never have our Californias while a Castro lives to cut them down!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried many voices.

"I tell you—" began Pio Pico, but Doña Modeste interrupted him. "No more talk of war to-night," she said, peremptorily. "Where is Ysabel?"

"She sent me word by Doña Juana that she could not make herself ready in time to come with me, but would follow with my good friend, Don Antonio, who of course had to wait for her. Her gown was not finished, I believe. I think she had done something naughty, and that Doña Juana had tried to punish her, but had not succeeded. The old lady looked very sad. Ah, here is Doña Ysabel now!"

"How lovely she is!" said Doña Modeste. "I think—What! what!—"

"God of my soul," exclaimed Pio Pico, "where did she get those pearls?"

The crowd near the door had parted, and Ysabel entered on the arm of her uncle. Don Antonio's form was bent, and she looked taller by contrast. His thin sharp profile was outlined against her white neck, bared for the first time to the eyes of Monterey. Her shawl had just been laid aside, and he was near-sighted and did not notice the pearls.

She had sewn them all over the front of her white silk gown. She had wound them in the black coils of her hair. They wreathed her neck and roped her arms. Never had she looked so beautiful. Her great green eyes were as radiant as spring. Her lips were redder than blood. A pink flame burned in her oval cheeks. Her head moved like a Californian lily on its stalk. No Montereño would ever forget her.

"El Son!" cried the young men, with one accord. Her magnificent beauty extinguished every other woman in the room. She must not hide her light in the contradanza. She should madden all eyes at once.

Ysabel bent her head and glided to the middle of the room. The other women moved back, their white gowns like a snow bank against the lurid walls. The thin sweet music of the instruments rose above the boom of the tide. Ysabel lifted her dress with curving arms, displaying arched feet clad in flesh-colored stockings and white slippers, and danced El Son.

Her little feet tapped time to the music; she whirled her body with utmost grace, holding her head so motionless that she could have balanced a glass of water thereon. She was inspired that night; and when, in the midst of the dance, De la Vega entered the room, a sort of madness possessed her. She invented new figures. She glided back and forth, bending and swaying and doubling until to the eyes of her bewildered admirers the outlines of her lovely body were gone. Even the women shouted their approval, and the men went wild. They pulled their pockets inside out and flung handfuls of gold at her feet. Those who had only silver cursed their fate, but snatched the watches from their pockets, the rings from their fingers, and hurled them at her with shouts and cheers. They tore the lace ruffles from their shirts; they rushed to the next room and ripped the silver eagles from their hats. Even Pio Pico flung one of his golden ropes at her feet, a hot blaze in his old ugly face, as he cried:

"Brava! brava! thou Star of Monterey!"

Guido Cabañares, desperate at having nothing more to sacrifice to his idol, sprang upon a chair, and was about to tear down the Mexican flag, when the music stopped with a crash, as if musicians and instruments had been overturned, and a figure leaped into the room.

The women uttered a loud cry and crossed themselves. Even the men fell back. Ysabel's swaying body trembled and became rigid. De la Vega, who had watched her with folded arms, too entranced to offer her anything but the love that shook him, turned livid to his throat. A friar, his hood fallen back from his stubbled head, his brown habit stiff with dirt, smelling, reeling with fatigue, stood amongst them. His eyes were deep in his ashy face. They rolled about the room until they met De la Vega's.

General Castro came hastily forward. "What does this mean?" he asked. "What do you wish?"

The friar raised his arm, and pointed his shaking finger at De la Vega.

"Kill him!" he said, in a loud hoarse whisper. "He has desecrated the Mother of God!"

Every caballero in the room turned upon De la Vega with furious satisfaction. Ysabel had quickened their blood, and they were willing to cool it in vengeance on the man of whom they were still jealous, and whom they suspected of having brought the wondrous pearls which covered their Favorita to-night.

"What? What?" they cried, eagerly. "Has he done this thing?"

"He has robbed the Church. He has stripped the Blessed Virgin of her jewels. He—has—murdered—a—priest of the Holy Catholic Church."

Horror stayed them for a moment, and then they rushed at De la Vega. "He does not deny it!" they cried. "Is it true? Is it true?" and they surged about him hot with menace.

"It is quite true," said De la Vega, coldly. "I plundered the shrine of Loreto and murdered its priest."

The women panted and gasped; for a moment even the men were stunned, and in that moment an ominous sound mingled with the roar of the surf. Before the respite was over Ysabel had reached his side.

"He did it for me!" she cried, in her clear triumphant voice. "For me! And although you kill us both, I am the proudest woman in all the Californias, and I love him."

"Good!" cried Castro, and he placed himself before them. "Stand back, every one of you. What? are you barbarians, Indians, that you would do violence to a guest in your town? What if he has committed a crime? Is he not one of you, then, that you offer him blood instead of protection? Where is your pride of caste? your *hospitality?* Oh, perfidy! Fall back, and leave the guest of your capital to those who are compelled to judge him."

The caballeros shrank back, sullen but abashed. He had touched the quick of their pride.

"Never mind!" cried the friar. "You cannot protect him from *that*. Listen!"

Had the bay risen about the Custom-house?

"What is that?" demanded Castro, sharply.

"The poor of Monterey; those who love their Cross better than the aristocrats love their caste. They know."

De la Vega caught Ysabel in his arms and dashed across the room and corridor. His knife cut a long rift in the canvas, and in a moment they stood upon the rocks. The shrieking crowd were on the other side of the Custom-house.

"Marcos!" he called to his boatman, "Marcos!"

No answer came but the waves tugging at the rocks not two feet below them. He could see nothing. The fog was thick as night.

"He is not here, Ysabel. We must swim. Anything but to be torn to pieces by those wild-cats. Art thou afraid?"

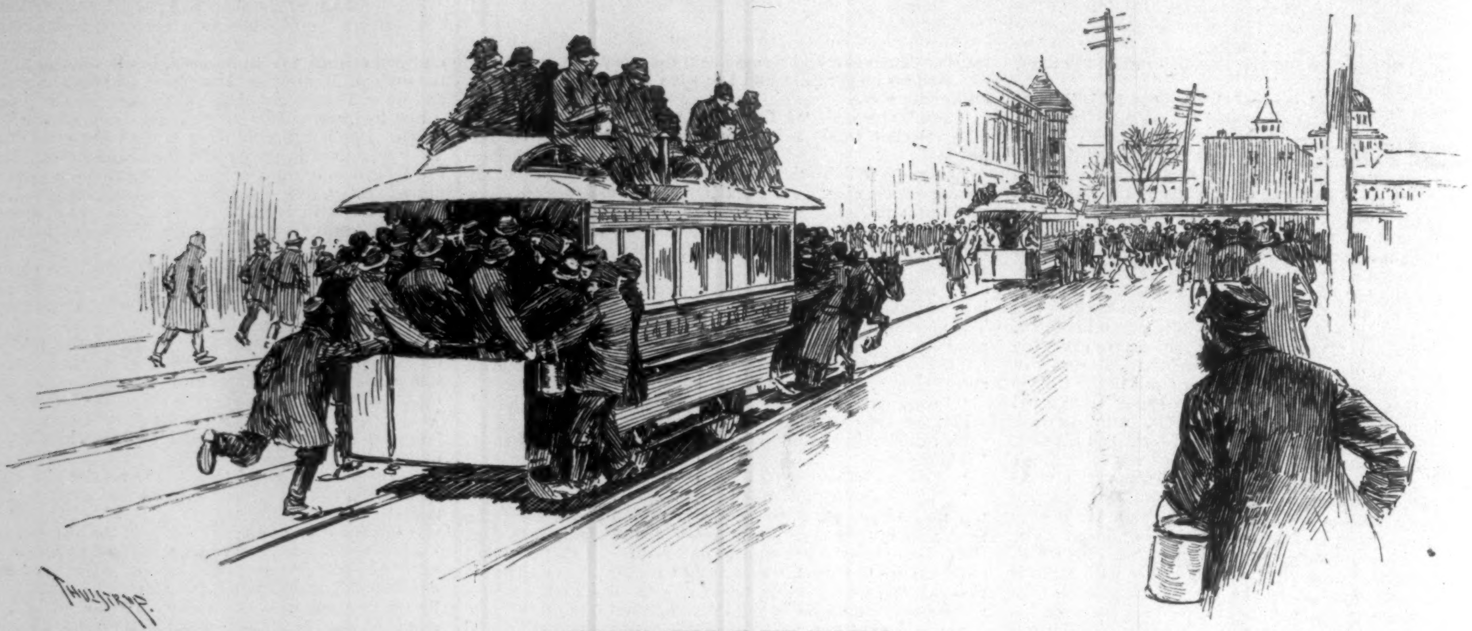
"No," she said.

He folded her closely with one arm, and felt with his foot for the edge of the rocks. A wild roar came from behind. A dozen pistol-shots were fired into the air. De la Vega reeled suddenly. "I am shot, Ysabel," he said, his knees bending. "Not in this world, my love!"

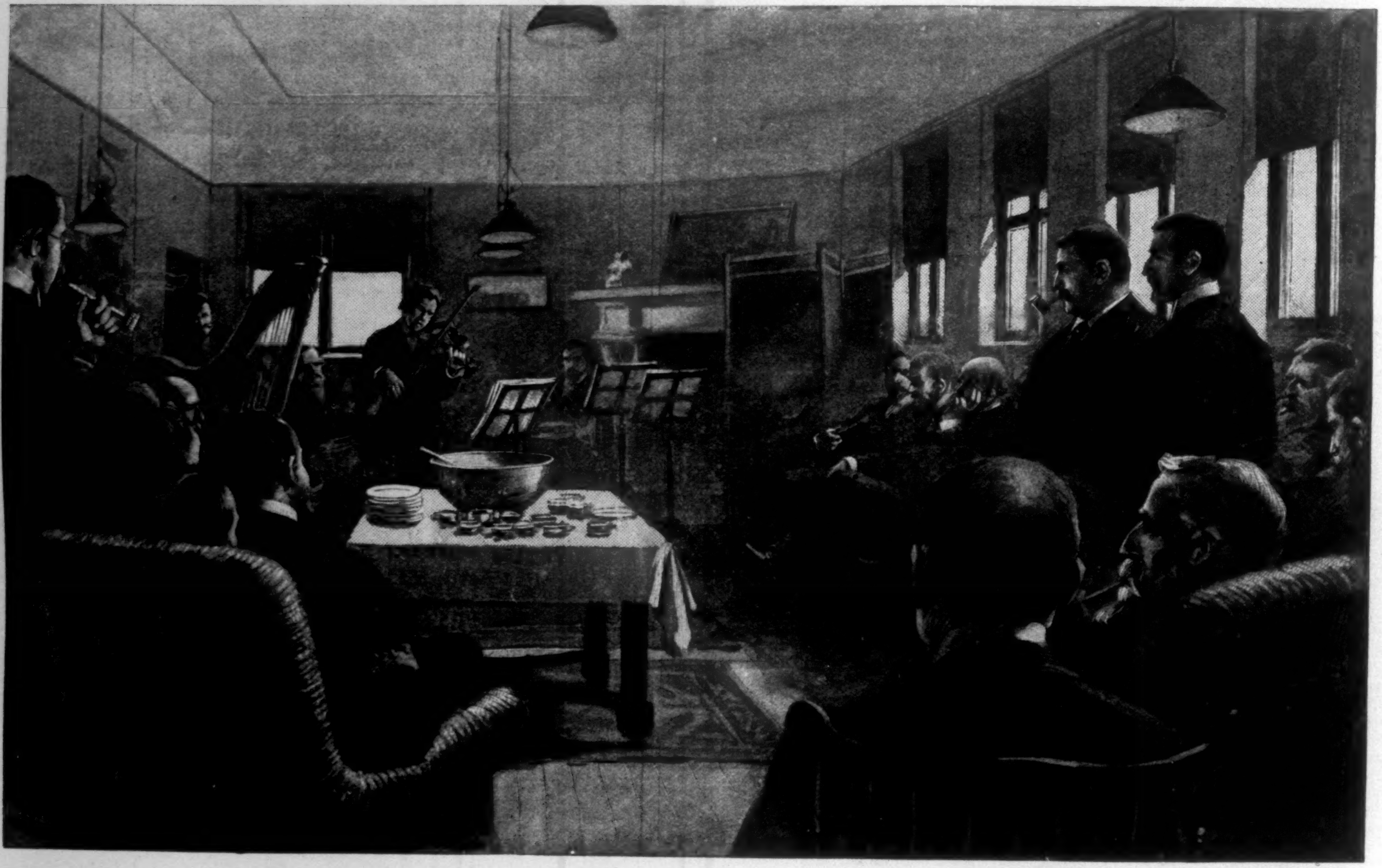
She wound her arms about him, and dragging him to the brow of the rocks, hurled herself outward, carrying him with her. The waves tossed them on high, flung them against the rocks and ground them there, playing with them like a lion with its victim, then swallowed them.

And the blue waters of Monterey still guard the pearls of Loreto.

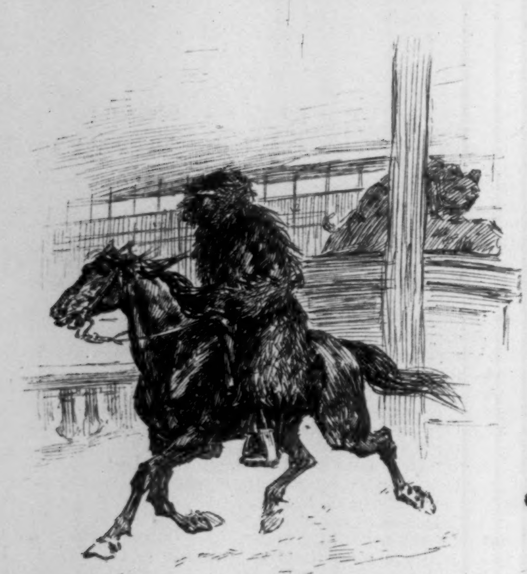
GERTRUDE ATHERTON.



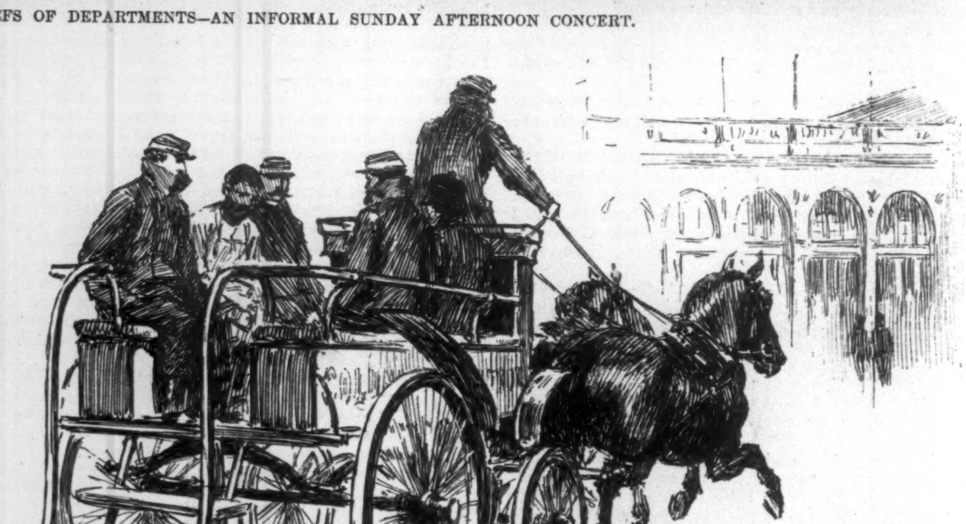
GOING TO WORK IN THE MORNING.



PASTIME OF CHIEFS OF DEPARTMENTS—AN INFORMAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.

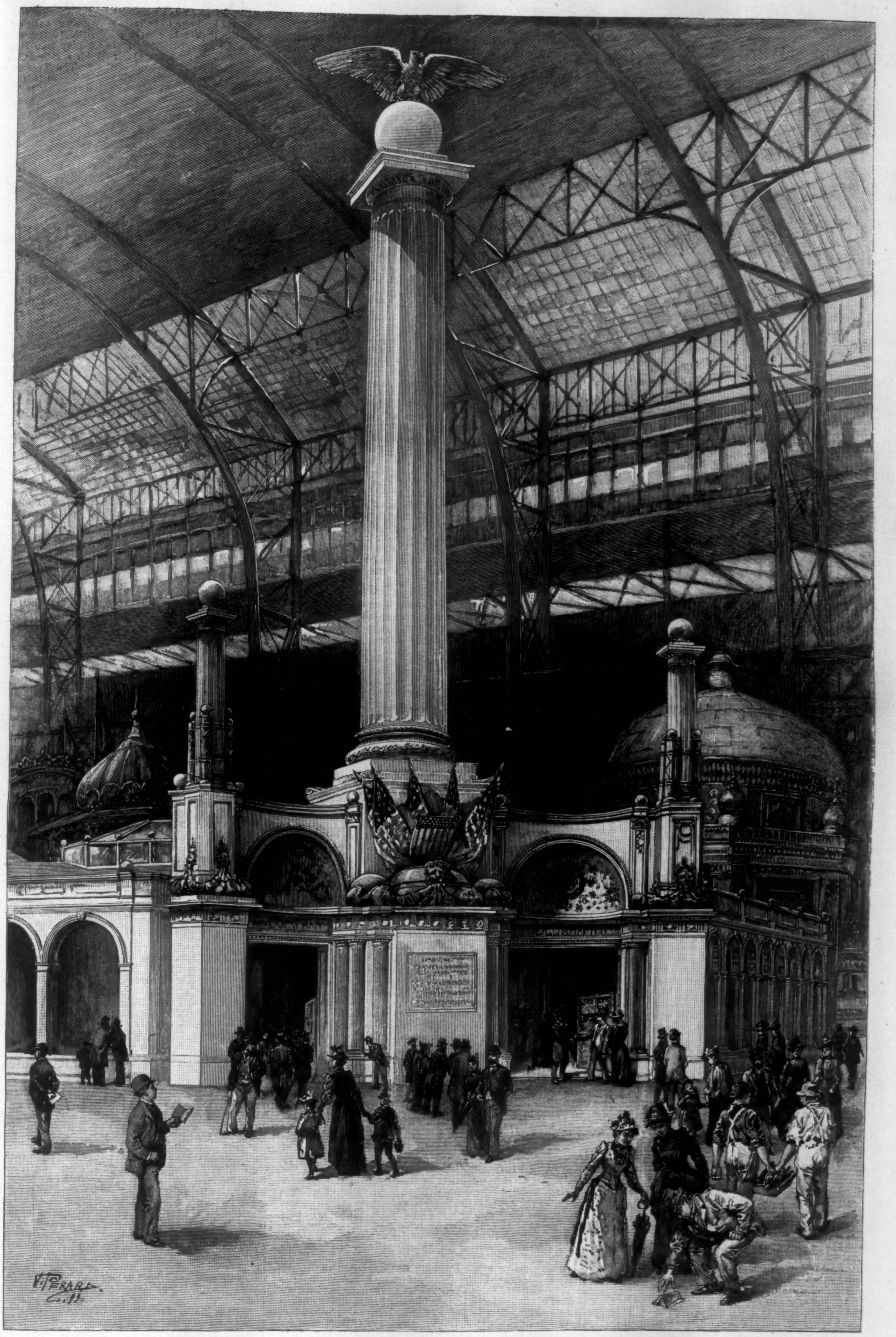


A COLD DAY.



AN ARREST.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE UNITED STATES CORNER IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

Drawn by Victor Perard from the Design by John Du Fais.—[See Page 310.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

ALL-FOOLS-DAY PROMISES.

WHEN Mr. Brennan says that we
Our city streets shall shortly see
Of all this woful aspect free,
No more in mud immersed;
When rapid-transit people state
That speedy traffic's at the gate—
Oh, do not fail to note the date!
For it is April First!

When in the heavens you espy
The gorgeous sun of spring mount high,
With not a sign of clouds near by
To swell with rain and burst;
When word comes to you from the West
That Wales will be Chicago's guest
This summer—then be careful lest
Forgetting April First...!

When through the country-side you race
In search of some new dwelling-place,
Beware the landlord's smiling face—
That smile is well rehearsed.
And should you hear from Washington
That you're to have some place "A One"
For underhanded "work" you've done—
Ahem! 'tis April First.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Music and Drama

Two comedies new to New York audiences, produced at the Union Square and Star theatres, were the staple of dramatic novelty last week. The one, *Joseph*, a comedy, or rather an out-and-out farce, is after the French; the other, *Brother John*, is after the American; for to say that Miss Morton's new comedy is distinctively and typically American, is to endow it with the attribute and distinctive characterization which it lacks. One of the principal difficulties with which the American dramatist has to contend in the production of a distinctively American play is our lack of national characteristics. The fusion of race types, which is constant and continued, has made us imitative, adaptive, and adaptable; anything, in fact, rather than distinctively individual. Such types of individual character as do exist are due rather to the accident of environment or occupation than to any inherent and strongly marked national individuality. Perhaps the most strongly marked typical individuality that we possess is the rural New-Englander, and this has already been exploited to a wearisome extent by playwrights and players. Miss Morton has had recourse to this somewhat hackneyed field for her character material, but has not succeeded in evolving anything either very typical, very novel, or very logically consistent out of it in the way of character types. *Brother John* might be called a drawing-room version of *Joshua Whitcomb* or *The County Fair*, the large-hearted, simple-minded farmer of the one having become the wholesale hatter of the other. Miss Morton certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Crane, for had it not been for his exceedingly thorough, painstaking, and artistic work as Brother John, the rural hatter, her play, owing to its many obvious inconsistencies and improbabilities in situation and development of character and incident, must have fallen rather flat; but Mr. Crane is a tower of dramatic strength. In his hands a somewhat sketchily drawn and inconsequential character appeared consistent, natural, and logical, as well as humorous, and to him is therefore in a great measure due the very fair measure of success which the play attained.

It is to be doubted whether such characters as Miss Morton has outlined in this play exist at all at the present day, and it is still more doubtful whether, if we allow the possibility of their existence, they would act under similar circumstances as Miss Morton has made them act. The family of rural brothers and sisters headed and protected by Brother John finally revolt against everlasting rural stagnation, and pine for life. Brother John gives them a hundred dollars as a present, and packs them off to Long Branch, where, having taken a twelve-thousand-dollar cottage, and gathered around them a selection of impecunious social sharks, they embark upon a career of dissipation, gambling, and even forgery, from which they are rescued by the generosity and good-nature and wiles of Brother John, and once more safely interred in their former rural retreat opposite his hat factory. If we allow the premises from which Miss Morton has deduced her play, it must be said that the action is progressive and interesting, and much of the dialogue well written. Mr. Crane is naturally the central figure and *deus ex machina* throughout the piece, and until the fourth act—ah, that unlucky and treacherous fourth act!—carries everything before him most successfully. That the said fourth act drags is probably due to the length of the play itself, and the excessive and successive setting everybody to rights which Brother John performs in that act. Miss Morton's ideas of society are somewhat peculiar. Brother John's youngest sister, played with much spirit by Miss O'Neill, has for an adorer a young gentleman who, both in appearance and manner, suggests the ordinary young man of good society, who is, nevertheless, not only content but eager to settle down, at the end of the play, as the proprietor of a branch hat store in Union Square. Evidently if love will drive us to crime, it will also in certain instances drive us to hats, according to Miss Morton. This is a sample of frequent similar improbabilities throughout the piece, which certainly lessen the effect of much that is good in it.

The chief fault in *Brother John*, which, as a whole, is an amusing and interesting play, is the author's failure to give us anything new; all her characters are familiar from long previous acquaintance. Perhaps the most original creation is that of Hopkins, the foreman of the factory, but he is in no sense an American type; neither is Miss Hackett, the eldest sister and conventional rural spinster, at all a convincing type of New England woman. For all this, Miss Morton, as an American, is to be congratulated on having written a play which at the worst is worthy of much commendation, and Mr. Crane is to be commended for his thus far successful efforts in encouraging the work of native playwrights. *Brother John* was, on the whole, acceptably played by all concerned. Mr. Joseph Wheelock, Jun., gave a very natural impersonation of a heedless youngster with more heart than head, and Mr. Gilmour was very good as a regretful but still yielding victim to heredity in the shape of gambling, drunkenness, and general dissoluteness, although the character which he portrayed seemed an unnecessary excrescence on the play itself. In spite of certain defects, *Brother John* will probably be popular, as it contains a good deal of real honest and kindly human nature, and will so enlist popular sympathy and interest.

Joseph is a piece of a very different type. The play is, in its present form, an adaptation by Mr. Malcolm Watson of a most successful French play by Gandillot, called *Ferdinand le Noceur*, which was produced in Paris in 1890, and is running yet. Mr. Watson's adaptation is good enough in itself, and also gives a very good idea of how excruciatingly funny the play must be in the French original, where the author is not hampered in the humor of his dialogue and situations by any considerations of Anglo-Saxon decorum and decency. In a self-confessed farce one need pay no heed to improbabilities, which must be taken into account in a play of greater pretensions to legitimate comedy. Mr. Felix Flutterby, a very gay widower indeed, who is accustomed to love at first sight and without reserve, has a daughter whom he has kept at school until, being her father's own child, he can do so no longer. In order that she may not interrupt his bachelor pursuits he seeks to marry her off, and mindful of his own amorous delinquencies, selects as her husband a mild-mannered gentleman of the Private Secretary type, who is his distant cousin and confidential clerk Joseph. This latter, indeed, under the influence of his father-in-law, develops into a would-be sport, quite innocently involves himself in numerous amorous difficulties with several other women, which afford opportunities for plenty of vigorous action and humorous complications, ending up with the usual satisfactory adjustment for all concerned. *Joseph* is largely a one-part piece, which affords Mr. Giddens, as the central character, admirable opportunities for the display of his undeniable qualities as an actor. Mr. Giddens was for many years Mr. Charles Wyndham's right-hand man, and is sufficient in himself to impart a flavor of the old Criterion methods, as exemplified in former days by Mr. Charles Wyndham and his admirable associates in such plays as *Pink Dominoes*, *Fourteen Days*, *Betsy*, and the like, though he is hardly seconded by any of his company, except perhaps Mrs. Phillipps and Mr. Le Finney, who were quite up to Criterion standards. So, to be just, was also Miss Stockwell, who gave an admirable and humorous characterization of a provincial servant who pins blind faith in the advertisements which appear in the *Matrimonial Gazette*. For what it is, a rollicking farce, on the whole sufficiently well played, and in spite of a rather weak second act, *Joseph* is distinctly amusing, and some of the situations, especially those where a not inconsiderable amount of the suggestiveness of the French original is retained, are intensely funny, and it should be popular at the Union Square for some time to come. Miss De Wolff has certainly gained in ease and grace since her first appearance in *Thermidor* over a year ago, and her impersonation of Constance, the gay daughter of a gay father, was not without charm and naturalness, although somewhat superficial. Even were he less well supported, Mr. Giddens as a comedian of genuine humor, fertility of resource, and facile expression would be amply competent to make *Joseph* a play well worth seeing.

As the spring season progresses music seems to be left principally to the birds, as concerts and other musical events grow more and more infrequent. Madame Nordica gave an enjoyable concert of operatic selections, including the whole of the third act of *Faust*, at Music Hall; this, with the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which M. Henri Marteau played Bruch's first violin concerto with admirable effect and the orchestra was heard to good advantage in Schumann's second symphony, together with the last Paderewski recital on Saturday afternoon, when the great pianist was, as always, applauded to the echo, made up the musical week. In spite of its London success—or possibly because of it, for English and American taste in comic opera is often at variance—Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* has never been popular in this country, and the nature of its presentation at the Casino is not of a kind to make it more so. Indeed, the performance of the *Gondoliers*, by the Duff Company is very little if any more adequate than that of the *Basoche* by the same company, which is saying very little indeed. In many respects, and certainly from an artistic stand-point, the *Gondoliers* is the least admirable and valuable work of the clever collaborateurs who are responsible for it. Popular demands, as regards the production and performance of comic operas, have become of late years much more exacting than formerly, and a musical piece must needs be absolutely, not merely relatively, well done to command popular attention and support.

The fourth performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, which occurred last week, went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. Three new plays were presented, unusually well presented, too, so far as the acting was concerned. The first, a drawing-room comedy in one act, by Brander Matthews, *The Decision of the Court*, tells of a married couple who thought they would get divorced and then thought better of it. Although somewhat reminiscent in style and treatment of the well-known comedietta, *The Happy Pair*, this little sketch is brightly written, and in the hands of such capable artists as Mrs. Agnes Booth and Mr. J. H. Gilmour proved decidedly amusing. Past experience of the Theatre of Arts and Letters has shown that to put a magazine story on the stage by turning the descriptions into dialogue is not to make a play of it. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's dramatization of his clever psychological sketch, *The Other Woman*, the second piece on the bill, however, proved decidedly effective. The story lost nothing in either interest or effect by being transferred to the stage, and as interpreted by Mr. Frederick Robinson as the Bishop, and Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft as Latimer, held the attention of the audience from beginning to end, in spite of the fact that the action is psychological rather than dramatic. It would be difficult indeed to discover either the artistic or the literary value of *Hal o' the Hall*, a romantic comedy in two acts by John Harrison, the third and last play presented. It would also be curious to follow the mental processes of the committee who selected this play for production at the Theatre of Arts and Letters. No committee, however empowered, has the right to inflict on a long-suffering audience such pastoral inanity and boys' story-book rubbish as is contained in this play, which no amount of clever acting could save from being both childish and wearisome. If its choice of plays is so limited as the selection of such a play would lead one to believe, why does not the committee having the matter in charge go a little further afield, and give us the opportunity of seeing a play like Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, or even Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, either of which would be at least interesting? The Theatre of Arts and Letters will die of inanition and dry-rot if it continues to present inanities of the description of *Hal o' the Hall*.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

ANNO DOMINI 1492
The COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

THE AMERICAN CORNER.

ONE of the marked features of the fast-approaching Columbian Exposition at Chicago will be the group of buildings which surround the central circle, or round point, in the principal exhibition hall—the mammoth building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. They will be interesting from many points of view, but especially so from the fact that nowhere else in the whole display do the four great nations of the earth come each close to each at one single point. This circle is 120 feet in diameter, and is at the centre of the great nave, where the roof rises 240 feet above the floor; and at this point is the intersection of the main great aisle, Columbia Avenue, and the transverse wide aisle, called the North and South Boulevard. Each of the edifices occupying the spaces between the intersection of these principal avenues will symbolize in its construction the peculiar architecture and decorative styles of the nation by which it is erected. Aside from its representative importance to us all, the American corner is especially interesting from the fact that whereas in the cases of France, England, and Germany the governments of those nations have each made ample allowance for the expense of worthily executing their national designs, in the case of the United States, in consequence of lack of proper appropriation by Congress and lack of funds by the authorities of the exposition, it has remained for private enterprise to maintain our national cause. This most important and much-coveted space in the section reserved to exhibitors from the United States was awarded to three well-known New York firms, viz., Messrs. Tiffany & Co., the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, in the belief that they would best thereon erect a building which would prove an honor to our country, and which would architecturally compare favorably with the representative structures of the three great governments above named. After taking the question into careful consideration, the designing and construction of the buildings were placed in the hands of Mr. John Du Fais, the architect, of New York, who made a careful study of the situation and its possibilities, and submitted a design, which met the hearty approval of the authorities of the exposition as well as of the exhibitors interested.

The building is striking, original, and interesting, and is distinctively characterized by a simplicity in harmony with the best American traditions. The style of architecture is Doric in motiv, and the general effect is white, relieved by creamy tints and a bold use of solid gold ornamentation. The height of the building is about 25 feet, the central portion of the curved façade having, however, a somewhat greater elevation. The centre of the front is strongly defined, and from it rises a Doric column of monumental proportions, surmounted by a globe and crowned by an eagle. The noble modelling of this emblem is by the hand of Mr. Philip Martini, and the bird of freedom curves his wings 100 feet above the exhibition floor. Two lesser columns, 40 feet high, flank this central monument, while below and between the three columns wide arches span the principal entrances to the exhibits of precious jewels and gold and fine wrought silver. At the base of the great shaft stands a pedestal on which appears an inscription declaring this section of the exhibition to be devoted to the display of the handiwork of the United States, and above this the shield and flags bear the stars and stripes of the nation. All the ornament and symbolism of the column is of patriotic intent, while on either side the niches above the entrances are ornate with wreaths surrounded by bees, and above the gates are visible the T. Co. and Lion, Anchor, Cr., familiar on fine American silver. The arrangement of arches on Columbia Avenue and on the North Boulevard architecturally lends large scale to the central façade, and affords a clear view of the rare products of the three exhibitors.

THE PASTIME OF THE WORKERS.

IT is quite likely that so great a work as the getting ready for the World's Fair was never accomplished before in so short a time. To do what has been done and to complete what yet remains to be done has required and still needs an amount of effort almost appalling to contemplate. The men who are in charge are strong and earnest, and are sustained by an enthusiasm without which they could never succeed. Several who started at the beginning have yielded up the fight and gone to the great majority. One or two others, with shattered health, have been obliged to put down their burdens, to see them taken up by fresher if not stronger arms. These men get together at luncheon every day. But that meal is not a time of recreation, but more like a directors' meeting, for little save business is talked while the simple repast is being consumed. Mr. Burnham, the strong and able Director of Works, realized very soon after he had gathered about him his staff of assistants that it would be a wise thing to set apart a little while of each week when official and business cares would be laid aside and the workers could have some fun. The time set apart was each Sunday afternoon.

And so in a large upper room of the Service Building, a room frequently used as a dormitory when the workers do not find time to get to their homes, these men meet and have a genuinely good though a quiet time. The refreshments do not go beyond sandwiches and a very mild punch. But there is always very excellent music. To this part of the entertainment members of Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra contribute, and very often Mr. Thomas is there himself, and also Mr. Tomlins, the leader of the Chicago Oratorio. And the excellence of the music at these informal concerts is a certain kind of assurance that the music during the fair will be up to a high standard.

The picture Mr. De Thulstrup has made on page 308 of this informal gathering is while the company is listening to a duet for horns. The same afternoon, if the writer's memory does not betray him, there was a quartet for horns, and the music was almost as soft and sweet, even in the confined space of a small room, as though the instruments had been violins instead. At these gatherings there is frequently a very distinguished company, which is, nevertheless, a very democratic assembly. Conspicuous among those at the concerts was the man whom above all others in Chicago a stranger and visitor in that city hears spoken of with unqualified admiration and respect. This man is Lyman J. Gage, who was the first president of the exposition. Though Mr. Gage gave up the position of chief executive, he has continued to devote a large part of each day to the business of the enterprise. The people in Chicago tell you with pride that Mr. Gage's bank is the strongest in America, and holds the largest deposits. They then invariably add that Mr. Gage started in the bank as porter, and rose to be president. Seated among the architects, artists, engineers, and musicians, and smoking a corn-cob pipe with a long stem, this bank president, whose career has compelled the respect and admiration of all who know of him, seems very much at home, and to enjoy this little incursion into Bohemia quite as much as those who have lived in it more or less all of their lives, and who would have felt ill at ease even as visitors in a bank parlor.

Towards nightfall the concerts end and the musicians and more grave of the company depart. But the younger and gayer stay yet a little while. They make music for themselves. It is not as academic as that that has preceded, but it has qualities of its own that do not fail to please the choice spirits who linger to hear it and to help to make it.

J. G. S.

A YOUNG PRESIDENT.

Mr. Joseph W. Reinhart, who has succeeded Allen Manvel in the presidency of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, is one of the most striking illustrations of America's opportunities for young men. He is now only forty-one years old, yet he has worked his way to his present very responsible office without outside influence of any kind, and solely on the basis of competent service. With the exception of one or two railway presidents who have represented family investment in their several companies, Mr. Reinhart is probably the youngest man who has ever been assigned to so important a post. The system over which he has been chosen to preside is in mileage and capitalization the largest in the United States. It includes among its properties, owned or controlled, seventy-three separate companies, the finances of which must all be managed in common. The management of this aggregation of interests has been intrusted to Mr. Reinhart after twenty-four years of railroad experience, only five of which were spent in the immediate service of the Atchison.

Mr. Reinhart was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1851. His railroad service was begun at the age of seventeen, when he entered the employ of the Alleghany Valley, a minor Pennsylvania railway only 132 miles long. In this company his peculiar skill in organizing the finance accounts found its first field of usefulness, and he was already an important officer of the road when he was called from its service, fourteen years later, to take the general auditorship of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo.

In this larger office Mr. Reinhart introduced methods of his own for systematizing the accounts of the company, and with such success that the plan there first applied has since been very generally adopted in other large railway offices.

The receivership and foreclosure sale of the West Shore released Mr. Reinhart, who then took charge of the general passenger and ticket office on the Lake Shore road. This office he resigned in 1887.

It was in 1888 that the Atchison company, then approaching serious embarrassment through overbuilding of railway lines when competitive freight rates were at a minimum, called upon Mr. Reinhart to investigate its books and finances. He assumed his old office of General Auditor, and at once made a thorough investigation of the company's debt, finances, and earning power. The result of this investigation was published to the shareholders. The credit of the company having already become hopelessly impaired, a reorganization became necessary, and the preparation of a comprehensive plan was intrusted to Mr. Reinhart. The famous circular then drawn up for the creditors and shareholders was a distinct innovation, and will always remain a model in its peculiar branch of analysis. Its merits were fully vindicated by the success of the reorganization.

Mr. Reinhart was made Atchison's Fourth Vice-President in 1889, and First Vice-President in 1891, still retaining his office as General Auditor, the recent death of President Manvel opening the way to the first office of the company. The peculiar efficiency demanded by the new position may be judged from the fact that not only is there involved the office financiering of $460,000,000 capitalization, but the management and organization of a working force of 35,000 men. The young railroad President is a brother of the well-known artist Mr. Charles S. Reinhart.

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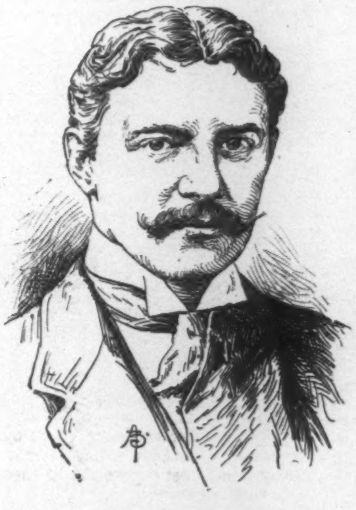

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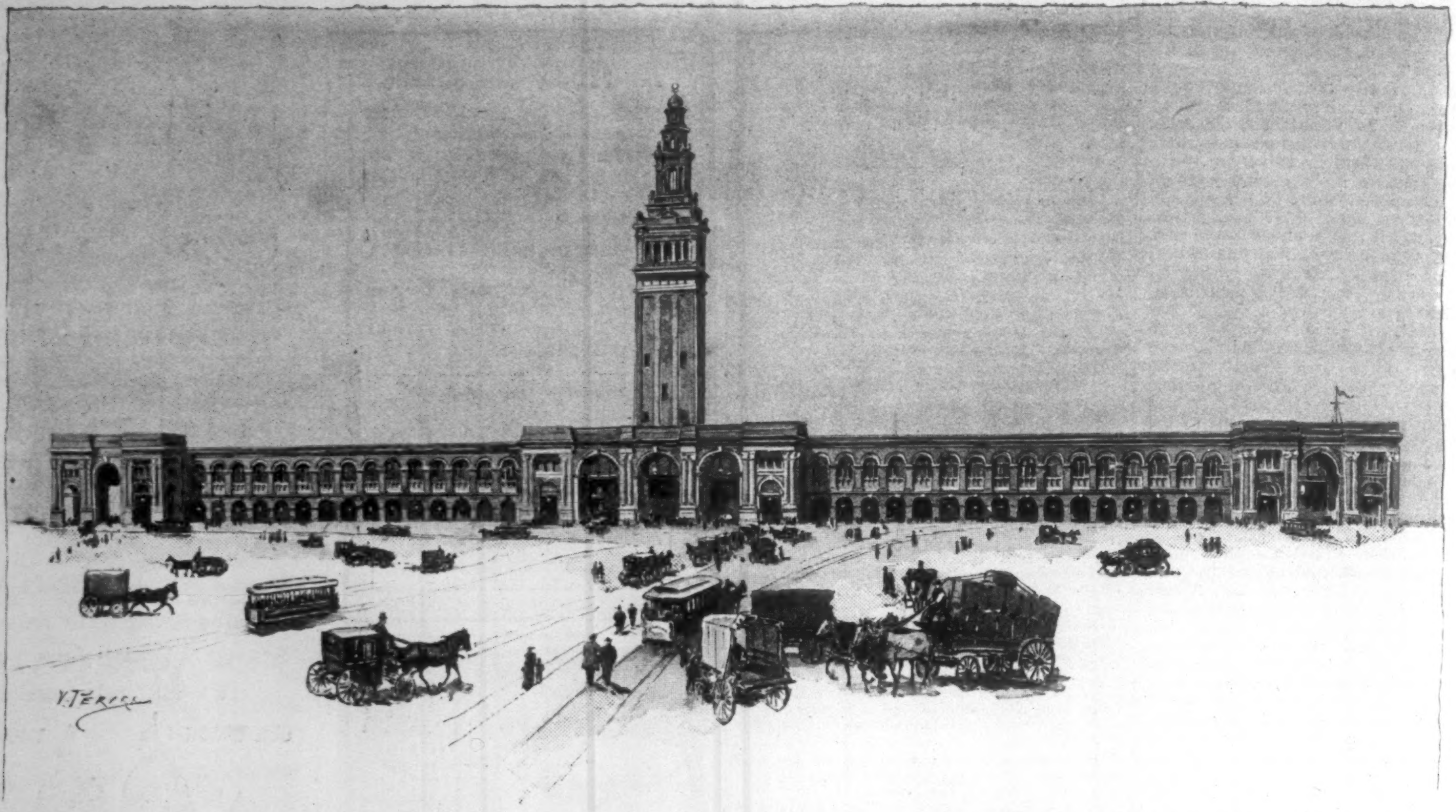

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IN about a year from now the passengers who arrive in San Francisco will no longer be dumped out of the comfortable cars under the long wooden sheds that now do service along the water-front for passenger stations for the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, and also for the roads from the north. The trains from all of these roads will run into a commodious union depot, which will also serve as a ferry-house. This improvement will be made by the Harbor Commissioners, and the cost—something between a million and a half and two million dollars—will be paid from the San Francisco Harbor and Improvement Fund.

The outside dimensions of the new depot and ferry-house will be 850×150 feet, and the general cornice-line will be 50 feet above the base. Three entrances will extend the entire length of the building, and a like number of grand staircases will lead to both of the upper floors. These entrances will have three large arches extending through both stories, and from the central arch in each entrance there will be a staircase to the second floor. The entrances will project 35 feet from the sea-wall, and thus break the long line of the building. The arches will be one on either side of the main entrance, and the third in the centre. On each side of the arches will be great Corinthian columns 21 feet in circumference. The whole front of the ground-floor will be crossed by a continuous arcade, a covered passageway leading directly to the ticket offices, baggage-rooms, etc.

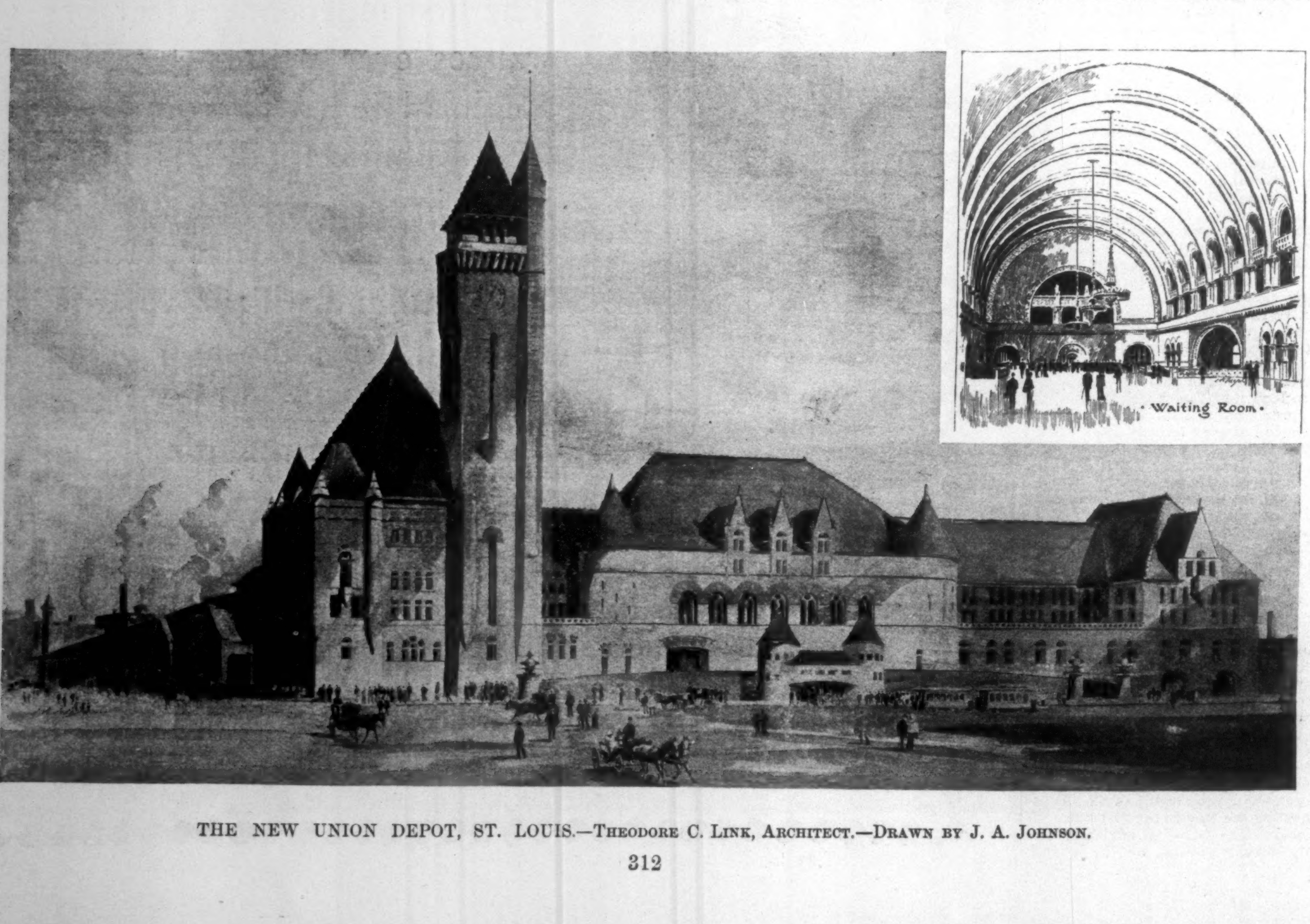
Surmounting the centre of the façade will be a tower of 250 feet. To support this a separate foundation is needed. The tower will not only be the first object to meet the eye of the passenger on the ferry-boat, but will serve as a clock-tower and beacon, visible for many miles. The tower will be made of iron and steel, and will not only be fire-proof, but, what is of as great consequence in San Francisco, earthquake-proof as well.

The first floor will be divided into various waiting-rooms, baggage-rooms, post-office, and express-office. The second floor will in a measure be a duplicate of the first, and will be so constructed as to accommodate passengers to or from the upper decks of the ferry-boats. On this floor the refreshment-rooms will be located, and also the offices of the Harbor Commissioners. The principal feature of the second floor is a corridor 50 feet in width, and extending the whole length of the building. The exterior face of the building will be of Roman brick and terra-cotta, with a base of granite. The interior face will be of glazed and enamel bricks.

IN St. Louis the late mercantile growth has naturally increased the railroad business, although the city has for some time been one of the great railroad centres of the country, and in order to meet with the demands of travel a new Union Depot is in course of erection under the direction of the Terminal Railway Association. H. P. Taussig, chief engineer of the association, is in charge of the work, together with Engineer George H. Pegram, the latter having designed the great train-shed in connection with the depot. The main building is Romanesque in character, designed by Architect Theodore C. Link, and extends from Eighteenth to Twentieth Street on Market, a distance of 600 feet. It is of cut gray stone, irregular in design, with numerous towers and arches, and surmounted at one end by a square tower 240 feet in height.

The exits and the entrances are devised with much skill, and appointed so as to prevent confusion between outgoing and arriving travellers, the latter reaching the street through great arches opening directly from the track, while the outgoing traveller is led through the entrances just above by means of a sloping terrace from either end of the building. The great waiting-room, which is reached by the terrace, is over the offices and train promenade. This room is 75 feet in width, 120 feet in length, with a vaulted ceiling 65 feet above. A number of smaller rooms for the convenience of travellers are connected with this room, while galleries extend about the second and third stories, supported by a colonnade. A stairway 40 feet wide leads to the lower floor, where are the ticket-offices, post-office, immigrants' room, and other waiting-rooms. Beyond this is the covered train promenade, which can also be reached directly from the waiting-room above. This promenade is 70 feet wide and 600 feet long, separated from the tracks by an iron fence. All the lower rooms open on this promenade, and exits are provided the full width at either end.

The train-shed adjoins the promenade. This immense structure covers a piece of ground 606 by 700 feet in area. The great roof is constructed wholly of steel and glass, and from side to side of the shed are thirty railroad tracks. The building which contains the waiting-rooms, etc., will be finished in brick and marble on the first floor, and the staircase leading up will be of brass and electro-bronze. The large waiting-room will be finished in artistic style, and altogether the best of taste will be exercised in the decorations throughout. It is expected that the main story of the building will be ready early in July, as the work is being pushed on it. When completed the entire depot will have cost four and a half millions of dollars.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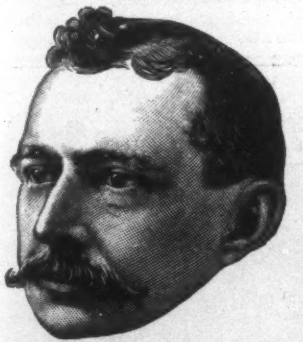

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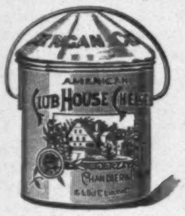

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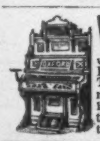

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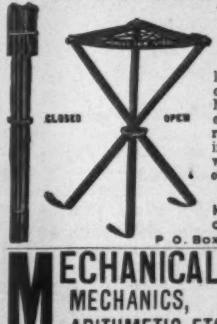

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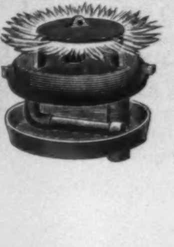

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Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

A PRINCETON VIEW OF COLLEGE ATHLETIC REFORM.

BY DUNCAN EDWARDS.

THE sentiment at Princeton is plainly in favor of the "undergraduate" restriction. In fact, four years ago Princeton very openly declared itself in favor of the reform that the Yale athletic authorities are now advocating. The occasion arose upon the adoption of the rule defining "amateurs," by the Intercollegiate Football Association, in the fall of 1889. Princeton had opposed the passage of that rule with immediate application, on the ground that although the rule was excellent in itself, it was retroactive in its nature, and constituted certain offences "professionalism" which had not before been regarded as such, and consequently should not have application to the football teams of that year, which were at that time made up and ready for the season's games.

However, the representative of Princeton presented to the Graduate Advisory Football Committee, which included Mr. Richards of Yale and Mr. Leeds of Harvard, a series of rules covering all the reforms which it was thought were necessary, and stated the willingness of Princeton to vote for their immediate adoption, if all the reforms proposed should meet with equal consideration. The rules, as read, were practically the same as those recently adopted conditionally by Yale, and they contained an express provision that membership on all the teams in the association should be restricted to undergraduates. As the Yale and Harvard elevens of that year, as well as the Princeton eleven, would have been considerably shaken up by the adoption of the rules proposed, their delegates concluded that the discussion of those rules at that time would not be advisable. So the matter was dropped; but the position of Princeton on the question of athletic reform was indicated to have been emphatically in favor of the undergraduate restriction.

The occurrence mentioned was the occasion of the origin of the more or less hostile relations between Harvard and Princeton. Without attempting an explanation of the exact cause of the disagreement, it may be said that Harvard withdrew from the Intercollegiate Football Association, honestly believing, there can be no doubt, that Princeton was opposed to the correction of the manifold abuses of college football, while Princeton as honestly believed that Harvard only desired a reform that should pluck out the mote from Princeton's eye, while it left untouched the beam in its own eye.

Without discussing the merits of either's contention, it may be said that it is unfortunate for the interest of reform in college athletics that Harvard should have held aloof from the Intercollegiate Football Association. Even admitting that Harvard is convinced that it is for her best interests to confine her athletics solely to a "dual league" with Yale, until that dual league should be accomplished her ideas would find a wider acceptance in company than alone. It seems as if the most feasible medium for introducing any athletic reform would be through an association of colleges where the best sense of all is consulted, where any proposition can be discussed at short arm, where the members feel the obligation of the opinions of the majority, and where any reform adopted by the majority can be tested by experience, and then either confirmed or set aside.

It does not seem likely that colleges will ever agree upon athletic reform if each communicates with the others only by letter or telegram, and simply announces "ultimatums," which the others can take or leave as they see fit, while it proclaims each for itself that it will never abandon the high position that it has taken.

It is most likely that if Harvard had remained in the Intercollegiate Association the so-called "undergraduate rule" adopted by that association would have been somewhat modified, for the "rules" promulgated by the Harvard Athletic Committee suggest very practicable limitations.

Princeton has given its support to the rule adopted by the Intercollegiate Football Association, and although that rule is probably of Yale composition, it can be taken as an accurate expression of Princeton's athletic policy. The statement of the rule is, "No member of a graduate department or a special student shall be eligible to the football teams of colleges in this association; nor any graduate who has registered or attended lectures at any other university or college; nor any undergraduate who is not pursuing a course for a degree requiring an attendance of at least three years." It usually happens with college athletic rules that a coach-and-four can be driven through them when an occasion for interpretation arises, and this rule is perhaps open to the objection that it does not exactly represent the intention of its designers. But as to the spirit of thoroughness in this rule there can be no mistake.

As to the policy of adopting so stringent a regulation, it ought to be borne in mind that there is an urgent necessity for stamping out completely the professional and mercenary elements of college athletics. So certain and yet insidious have been the results of the deflection from a strict standard by the college athletic authorities that it is quite apparent to those who are intimately connected with college athletics at the present time that there has been developed about it a distinctly mercenary atmosphere. There is a feeling in the air that students are not expected to be called upon to make any sacrifices for the honor of representing their *alma mater*, but that their athletic ability is a commodity that is *worth* something *from* their college.

Abuses must be expected as the results of the growing publicity and popularity of intercollegiate contests. These contests have become so much of a public spectacle, the pace has become so hot, the desire for victory so great, that the production of a college football team, for instance, has become almost a business; and the fierce competition has forced the athletic authorities to methods whose final cost they have never counted, and whose methods find their justification in the satisfaction of the college community with a successful team. It has become a serious question, if the present tendency is not checked, whether a reaction will not set in against college athletics, and the college faculties decide that they do not want their institutions turned into mere athletic clubs, with a pack of athletes to give exhibitions for them. The demands of public exhibition are making too high a state of athletic excellence necessary to allow ordinary students, who expect mental as well as physical training in colleges, to compete, and the tendency must be to provide the requisite athletic talent, *coûte que coûte*.

There are only two feasible remedies for this tendency. One is to restrict all intercollegiate competitions to college grounds, which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for if it could be accomplished; and the other is to meet all known abuses with stringent legislation that will render them impossible.

Briefly stated, the patent evils of college athletics can be summed up as follows: First, the introduction of practically paid "athletes" into special courses and graduate departments, which no rule against the giving or receiving of pecuniary consideration can ever prevent; for indirect methods are, unfortunately, too well understood by college men. Second, the retaining of "star" players after graduation for athletic purposes, with only a nominal attachment to the university. This evil has been almost a scandal in the past, and it has discouraged the competition of *bona fide* undergraduates, who are limited to their regular course. There seems to be no great hardship in ending athletic privileges at graduation, just as other college courses are ended. For athletics constitute a regular course whose aim is to develop the manly vigor of all the students, and not the bodies of a few "perpetual" athletes. And third, the collection of clever athletes from other colleges on *inducements*. This evil has become so notorious that the larger colleges are continually receiving letters from the athletes in the smaller colleges and

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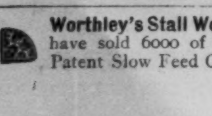

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preparatory schools, presenting their records, and asking what *inducements* can be offered to them.

Now all these evils the undergraduate rule effectually ends; therefore Princeton is in favor of that rule. Perhaps that rule is not the very best measure that could be suggested. Perhaps it hits beyond the mark at which it is aimed. Nevertheless, it is an experiment worth trying. For under its application college athletics must be as clean and honest sport as it is possible for legislation to make it. The so-called university plan, as expounded by the Harvard Athletic Committee, differs from the undergraduate plan practically only in two particulars, that is, so far as the essential necessities of comparison are concerned.

The university plan permits the bringing back of graduates, only with the restriction against their playing more than four years, and the playing of any student in any department without the safeguard of a previous year's residence at the university and an examination upon a full year's work.

As to the other points of difference, they are unimportant. Now the only query is, has the university plan gone far enough, or has the undergraduate plan gone too far? Who shall weigh the possibilities of abuses that might still exist under the university plan, against the possible deprivation of privileges of certain *bona fide* students under the undergraduate plan? One would scarcely venture to decide without the best of experience, and for that reason the results of the present season's games will be awaited with great interest, for they will afford some ground of comparison between the merits of the Yale and Harvard theories.

And at the end of the season's games, after a year's experiment, it would be a gratifying thing if the recommendation of Mr. Caspar W. Whitney made in this column were carried out, and a congress of delegates from all the colleges interested should be gathered to discuss thoroughly the whole question of athletic reform, and to agree, if possible, upon certain general rules that would govern all the colleges in whatever competitions they might enter, and that would keep college athletics clean outside and in, not only in one or two colleges, but in all of them.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC OUTLOOK.

BY WALTER CAMP.

LEAGUES and associations seem to have been replaced for a season by individual agreements in college athletics so far as baseball and boating go. And yet never before has there been a period when, with such a threatening state of affairs in the way of differences of opinion, there has still existed such a fair prospect of all the contests coming off in spite of these differences.

The question of eligibility has become the issue of the day in college athletics, and as the decisions reached will have a very strong effect upon the make-up of the various crews, nines, and teams this year, it is worth while to note the rules likely to govern the important colleges. Yale will restrict membership to undergraduates of the academic and scientific departments who have never matriculated at other colleges. Princeton will do the same. Harvard will not make any rule for this year's contests, but will follow last year's precedents. Pennsylvania proposes, though not for this present season, to debar graduates or special students who have played upon other college teams until after one year's residence at the university; also dropped men, and men who have played more than four years. Cornell, although voting for the undergraduate ruling, will make separate arrangements, probably, with those she may meet. Columbia has expressed herself in favor of graduates, as has also Rutgers, Fordham, Stevens, Georgetown, Union, Brown, and Trinity. Voting with Yale, Princeton, and Cornell, as opposed to graduates and in favor of the undergraduate rule, are Wesleyan, Amherst, Williams, Columbia, New York, and Swarthmore.

Although we have heard far more of the legislative branch of college athletics during the last few months than we have of the practical side, one must not fancy from that that the actual athletes have not been hard at work.

The principal single event, and the one for which the preparatory training is the longest, is the Harvard-Yale boat-race, which takes place on the Thames next summer.

The possible advent of one or more English crews, their participation in a general regatta, or even in a single race with the winner at New London, gives a greater interest to boating this year, and leads the enthusiast to study over the former records of international contests, the conditions prevailing, and the comparisons between English and American boats, rigging, oars, and men.

The first Harvard-Yale race was rowed in 1852 at Lake Winnepesaukee, in eight-oared barges, with cockswains, and the course was a two-mile straight-away. The first four-mile eight-oared shell-race was rowed on the Connecticut River at Springfield in 1876. In 1870 Yale introduced sliding seats. Harvard used them in 1872. Eighteen hundred and eighty-two has been the only year when a Harvard-Yale university race found the two crews within a boat-length of each other, and the usual rule has been a procession. The best time that has been made was 20 minutes 10 seconds, by Yale in 1888. The slowest time made by a winner was made by Harvard in 1883, finishing in 25 minutes $46\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, but beating Yale by 1 minute $12\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

The present Cambridge crew averages a fraction over 168 pounds in weight, and the Oxford crew some three or four more pounds.

The crew holding the American Thames record of 20 minutes 10 seconds averaged 165 pounds, average age being $21\frac{3}{8}$ years, and height 5 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Harvard's crew last year was her oldest, heaviest, and tallest, averaging $23\frac{1}{2}$ years, $177\frac{5}{8}$ pounds in weight, and 5 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height.

Yale's oldest crew was in '76—$23\frac{1}{2}$ years; her heaviest in '82—$177\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; her tallest in '79—5 feet $11\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

Last year's Yale crew averaged $22\frac{1}{8}$ years old, 169 pounds in weight, 5 feet $10\frac{5}{8}$ inches in height.

Taking an average of twelve crews, Harvard shows $21\frac{1}{2}$ years of age, $167\frac{3}{4}$ pounds in weight, 5 feet $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height. Yale, $21\frac{1}{12}$ years of age, $167\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in weight, 5 feet $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches in height.

In this country immediately after the Christmas holidays the captain of the university crew collects all the promising candidates and begins in-door work with them. Of this in-door work the chief feature has come to be the actual rowing motions in a stationary boat set in the midst of a huge tank of water, into which the oars dip. Here the captain or coach can observe most closely, criticise, and to some degree correct the most glaring faults of the embryo oarsman. This in-door work is supplemented by out-door running, which is at first rather a trial, particularly to the heavy-weights. By the early part of March the weeding out of the unpromising candidates has been partly accomplished, and the number of men to whom the coaches give their attention reduced to two eights or less. At New Haven, Captain Ives, of the Yale crew, took to the training-table Johnson, '94 S., Van Huyck, '93 S., Gallaudet, '93, Longacre, '95, Rogers, '94 S., Paine, '94, Beard, '95, Messler, '95, Goetchius, '94 S., Cross, '96, Folger, '94 S., Howland, '94, and Chatfield, '93. From this number he will select the seven who, with himself, will carry the hopes of Yale at New London. Of these men, four rowed in the winning boat last year, Johnson, Van Huyck, Gallaudet, and Paine. Howland and Chatfield were substitutes upon the crew of '92. The rest are, as far as 'varsity rowing is concerned, untried, some of them having, however, sat in class boats.

Harvard is suffering the usual results of a defeat in the form of discouragement among the old members of the crew, and several of them, though still available, have not at the present writing taken their seats in the boat. In fact, it is a theory, not at all without support, that a defeated crew can be best replaced by a majority of new men. Of these new men Harvard has a good assortment, although no special individuals have yet been heralded as stars. Among them are Fearing, '93, Johnson, '94, Davis, '94, Eddy, '95, Stearns, '93, Blake, '94, Saltonstall, '94, Potter, '95, Earle, '93, Davis, '95, Johnstone, L. S., Burgess, '93, Miller, '93, Purden, '93, and Duffield, '93.

Vail, the captain, did not row in the Harvard boat last year, not that he was not wanted, but he was incapacitated by an injury to his knee, and of late there have been almost authoritative statements made that he would not row this year. Newell, of last year's crew, who did not go to work at the start, has now taken his seat. Cummings has been pulling, and is another of the veterans. Kelton, Acton, Lynam, are missed, and it is uncertain whether any of them will row again. Johnson has been tried for stroke, but later Purdon, and now Glidden has been occupying the seat, with Fearing and Eddy behind him. Newell at first in the bow, though later at No. 3. The rest of the first crew was made up of Stearns, Johnson, Earle, and Burgess in the order named, Stearns pulling at No. 5, Johnson at No. 4, and Earle and Burgess 2 and bow. The latest change puts Newell back at bow with Earle and Blake before him. Little can be said of a crew so early in the year, but one can see that they are of good height, but with no extraordinary big fellows in the boat.

Much interest also attaches to the make-up of the Cornell crew as the winners of twin race last year, and probably the strongest competitors from college crews likely to be represented in Chicago, in case the World's Fair regatta crystallizes into tangible shape. The candidates are Hall, '94, Gilson, '94, Troy, '95, Hager, '95, Kranz, '94, Whittemore, R. G., Witherbee, '93, Shape, '95, Kelly, '93, Wagner, '93, Robbins, '95, Collins, '95, Sanborn, '95, Freeborn, '95, Doggett, '94, and Burr, '93. They are working under their old professional coach, Courtney, and as he has done wonders with former crews from Ithaca, one can be assured that he will turn out something worth beating.

The University of Pennsylvania boating interests are closely connected with Cornell's, the two crews meeting annually, usually in a three-cornered contest, Columbia coming in. The old Yale crew man Woodruff is this year coaching the Philadelphia crew, and has narrowed the choice down to the following candidates: Barnes, '94, Wilson, '94, Wagenhurst, '94, Phillips, '95, Wagenhurst, '96, Walters, '94, Marshall, '94, Knipe, '94, Oliver, '94, Hollingshead, '94, Scott, '95, Adams, '95, and Robinson, '95. One recognizes the names of several of Pennsylvania's remarkable football team among the boating names.

The Yale ball nine will have for a captain L. T. Bliss, of football fame. He has played in the out-field for two years, and will probably stay outside the diamond even as a captain. The execution of the new rule will deprive him of Bowers, his pitcher, Norton, his second-base man, O'Neil, Graves, and Farrell, which makes the Yale sympathizers look rather dubiously upon the prospect. To fill Bowers's position he will have the following men: Speer, '95, Armstrong, '95 S., Warner, '94, Davis, '95, and Carter, '95. Louder, who was a most promising left-hand pitcher, will probably fall out of the ranks as well, and Carter is likely to be the choice of the lot for a regular man. He has good speed, is cool and clever, and, best of all, a thorough ball-player, with his heart in it all the time.

To hold him there will be Jackson, '93 S., who has caught and played first for Yale before; also, Kedzie, '93 S., and Greenway, '95 S., the football end rusher. The two last-named are better throwers than is Jackson, and although of less age and experience, are likely to exhibit greater development.

O'Neil would have been a choice first-baseman, and had of course been counted upon for that position; but Bliss has put Stephenson, '95 S., and Colgate, '96, at work for the place, and seems confident that the former will do well. The loss of Norton at second will be felt greatly, as he had both age and experience, and was withal a quick and accurate man. Hedges, '96, a Freshman, has been singled out for the place, and seems to be a man of promise.

There seems to be some doubt as to Murphy's playing this year. If this proves true it will be too bad, for he was such a brilliant little player that he was always the favorite of a baseball audience. Harvey, '93, and Arbuthnot, '94, are trying for the place, Harvey having played there last year occasionally. At third base Rustin, '94 S., and Sheffield, '94 S., are rivals, with the chances in favor of the former. The old out-field of last year, Bliss, Beall, and Case, will probably cover it again in '93, Bigelow, '94, being a change fielder.

The Harvard ball nine starts out this year under the most auspicious circumstances. Last year's nine was exceptionally strong, particularly in batting, a point which is usually a weak one in college nines. This year Captain Frothingham has practically all his old men, and plenty of material from which to select any substitutes. With a quartet of catchers in Mason, Upton, Cobb, and Corbett, any one of whom would be considered a first-class man, the back-stop is certain to be good. All but one of these men, Cobb, have enjoyed 'varsity experience in other branches of athletics besides baseball, and the nervousness of the stranger to exciting contests is certain not to appear among them. Highland's record as a pitcher last season carried out all the encomiums lavished upon him, and his brother and Wiggins can relieve him. At first base, Dickinson will probably be a fixture, although Trafford played it of old before Dickinson, and in case of accident could do so again. Frothingham may put in Sullivan, the recent captain of the Amherst nine, at second, and go himself into the out-field, and some are advocating such a move. In either case the base will be well taken care of. Hovey, the old Brown short-stop, who has won laurels for Harvard as well, both upon the ball nine and tennis-court, will play again at his old place. He is a brilliant player and a very heavy batter. Third will be covered by Cook, in all probability, while Abbott, Hallowell, Frothingham, Corbett, and Paine, with plenty of substitutes, will make up a lively out-field. No nine enters the season so well equipped with veteran material, and that, too, from a nine which lost no series last year, and the chances are that they will have the winning place this season.

Princeton, a number of years ago, and after a very careful study of the past, determined to give up boating, and devote her energies entirely to football, baseball, and track athletics. This action, while long in coming, had been predicted for some time. A year or so ago there was a resurrection of the old boating spirit, but the stir was not productive of any material or lasting results. So Princeton enters the athletic year of 1893 with only three branches to follow. Of these two only will come into the present college year, namely, baseball and track athletics. Princeton's record in baseball has been an excellent one.

Perhaps her strongest nine of late years was that of 1890, and the long-drawn-out struggle between them and the Yale nine, carried on through four games, was the most exciting series ever played between the two. One of the four games was a tie, and the winner in every game had only the margin of a single run, two of the games going to Yale and one to Princeton. The scores were 3 to 2, 1 to 0, 8 to 8, and 6 to 5.

Phil King, who captained Princeton's football team last fall, is one of the cleverest all-round athletes that ever appeared upon the college field. His work in both football and baseball has been remarkable, and his base play upon the Princeton nine this spring promises to be as much a feature as his football play was last year.

Another man who promises to become a star is a football-player—in fact, a successor to King as captain of the football team of next fall. Trenchard played in the out-field last year, but determining to try for a position behind the bat, he has made such progress that he is already spoken of as sure of the position, and likely to make a record for himself there. Bissell and Ward are trying for the place, and when field work begins one can judge which of the two promises to alternate with Trenchard, for in these days no nine can depend upon a single individual to do all the work behind the bat. In fact, if Trenchard can catch two-thirds of the important games, he will be doing well.

In the pitcher's box, a position where the work of Young has made a high standard for a successor to reach, we shall probably see Drake or Woodcock. Drake did some very good pitching last season, and stands in the natural line of succession. H. Young is reported as another candidate. There are four candidates for first base—Brokaw, Otto, Montgomery, and Sicard—who are endeavoring to supplant Guild, last year's man. He, however, is being tried for third instead, where Gunster, a promising Freshman, has a chance, together with Lindsay and Blake. If Guild secures the place, Gunster is likely to have a show at short stop against Ward. As out-fielders there are the following candidates: McKenzie, who is practically sure of a place, Blair, Carnochan, Elliott, Neely, Payne, and Wylie. Dave Foutz, the old Brooklyn player, has the nine in hand, and the results of his constant work promise to be apparent in their early games.

The track athletic meetings come, in point of time, before the important events in other sports, usually taking place the latter part of May. The Intercollegiate Harvard-Yale contest for the cup given by graduates and the Princeton-Columbian games attract widespread attention and bring out the best records, although here and there in other college meetings there are instances of remarkable performances. Harvard is the leader in number and quality of performers in these events, but Columbia enjoyed in the past an enviable record. This year, as for the last two, Harvard has the largest choice, and from the material will undoubtedly bring out a very strong team. Last year Yale enjoyed, through her two remarkable sprinters, Swayne and Allen, a monopoly of first and second places in the sprints, besides having in Sanford a quarter-mile runner who, in spite of his weight, took a first prize in Harvard-Yale games. This year the reverse seems to be the case, as with the loss of Swayne and Allen no men have come at all able to fill their flying shoes. Thompson of Harvard, Small of Columbia, and Swain of Princeton are showing up the best for the sprints. In the 440, Brewster of Harvard, and Garcelon, are both going fast, with Loughlin of Yale at present about a second behind Brewster. In the high hurdle, the running of Harding of Columbia last year has already given him a name. Lyman of Yale and Shead of Harvard will make a good race, and will give Harding something to win over in the Intercollegiates. In the low hurdles, Eaton of Yale is likely to give Fearing of Harvard, in spite of the latter's win of last year, a good race, and it is possible that Fearing's crew-work will keep him off the track. Butterworth of Yale, the man who did such good work on the football field, is going to make it a hard half-mile for Corbin of Harvard, although the latter has perhaps a shade the better of the prospect. Turner of Princeton and Chubb of Yale can both be looked for as knowing their distance, and making all they can out of it.

In that race which makes one's heart ache to watch, the mile run, Morgan of Yale and White of Harvard will make a struggle worth seeing. In the mile walk we shall find several familiar faces—Borcherling of Princeton, Collis of Columbia—but the Harvard men, Endicott and Bardeen, will come in with better work than last year, while Ottley of Princeton and Wight of Yale are both walking fast. On the bicycle, Brewster of Yale and Davis of Harvard should fight for first, although Banker of Princeton is riding fast, and Harvard has a second man in Pratt, who would ride it out if Davis met with a tumble. In the hammer-throwing the two Yale football giants, Hickok and Stillman, have the best chance, although Acton, of last year's Harvard crew, throws well under English rules. With the shot, the contest will be close, with Shea of Harvard fighting hard for it. In the pole vault, Cartwright of Yale and his comrade Hart are good chances; Wheelwright and Sherwin are doing well for Harvard. In the high jump, Leslie of the University of Pennsylvania has taken up the mantle of that former world's wonder from the same university, and should win. Fearing and Sherwin of Harvard will bring the crimson up in the Yale games, although Sheldon of Yale is working hard, and is a promising man. Bloss will take the broad in the Yale games over Sheldon so far, and in the Intercollegiate, Remington of Princeton will hold him.

All this, of course, provides for no dark horses, and is, like any article upon field sports written while the snow is on the ground, only meant to mention names for which one may look in the later developments, when the contestants are coming down to actual work out-of-doors.

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